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Poetry.

THE PAINTER.

Nature hath taken her delicate brush,
Her palette and paints and all.
She hath worked in the silence of starlight hush,
She hath worked in the storm's loud brawl;
She works—and lo!
The frescoes grow
On the sides of her ample hall.

She hath tinted the apple with flushes of rose,
She hath covered the pear with white,
And the cider blooms where the honey bee goes
She hath crowned with a golden light;
The leafing sloe
Is draped in snow
And the celandine stars gleam bright.

She hath sprinkled the meadows with silver and gold
And the cuckoo flower's delicate hue.
She hath kindled the gorse on the wind-haunted wold
And hath garnished the woodlands anew;
The speedwell's eye,
Demure and shy,
She hath touched with a heaven-born blue.

And in and about and around them all
She hath filled in a background of green,
The leaf buds burst at her noiseless call
And spread out a verdurous screen,
And wearied eyes
In quiet wise
Find rest in the soothing scene.
—Temple Bar.

AN ADMONITION.

Be warned in season, lady fair; the air is growing chill
And the days are very swiftly drawing near
When we'll pluck the holly branches from their haunt upon the hill
And graft them to the glittering chandelier.

'Twould be a melancholy chance if you should fail to find
The salutations that were yours of yore;
And Cupid, if the wary god has not been much maligned,
In identity has made mistakes before.

So bend your ear, I pray you. The confusion will be less
If you list to what I fain would whisper low;
Let the bloomer garb give place to your accustomed mode of dress
Ere you wander 'neath the mystic mistletoe.
—Detroit Free Press.

GOD BLESS YOU.

When you've struggled hard and long,
And the battle has gone wrong,
And the world of cares oppress you,
Like cool water from a spring,
Like a balm the south winds bring,
Are the simple words, "God bless you."

When you're going far away,
Far from all you love to stray,
And the parting pangs distress you,
Like a sunbeam in the heart,
Though the choking tears may start,
Are the simple words, "God bless you."

When the bitter days are past,
When your joy is full at last,
And the winds of heaven caress you;
Then the heart will overflow
While the happy heads bend low,
And the true friends say, "God bless you."

Be his faith in James or Paul,
One God, many, or none at all,
Whose kind lips the words address you,
Nothing matters; when it needs,
Doubts, philosophies and creeds
Are forgotten in "God bless you."
—William Herbert Carruth.

Miscellany.

LITTLE GIRLS IN RED.

A Warm, Becoming Fashion for the Small Folks to Wear When Snow Flies.

Like robin redbreasts the small folks will look this winter in their dresses of scarlet. As a foil to their brilliancy, ther will be black hats and dark furs. Black plush coats, even, are being made for children to wear over their bright red plumage. Red

LITTLE CARDINAL SUIT.

cardinal is the best shade; then here are the scarlets and crimsons. Cardinal has more brilliancy, but crimsons wear better. This bright dressing is a great favorite with the little ones who love their warm colors, and are thankful when the dull grays and faded browns are banished from their wardrobe.

This smart frock for a child of ten is made of dark red cloth. The full slip is sleeveless and opens at the front with a double row of buttons. The jacket is rather long at the front, but takes a decided slant to the short full back.

Down the front edge of the jacket there are pointed tabs of white serge, trimmed with a narrow gilt braid and small buttons. The yoke and revers are of the serge, trimmed at the edges with the narrow gold cord. A little gendarme hat worn with this frock is bright red, with a bunch of black tips at the left side.

THE NAME "MONTANA."

Governor James H. Ashley Named the Mountain State.

It was the late James M. Ashley who gave Montana its name, telling his fellow-Congressmen that it meant a mountainous country when they captiously said it was a mere conglomeration of letters constituting no word. Joaquin Miller says that Montana has the only classic name in the constellation of states, but W. E. Sanders, librarian of the Montana Historical society, thinks this not strictly true, saying that although the word is originally derived from a Latin root, it is really Spanish, and pronounced "Mon-tah-nah." As to the significance of the word, Mr. Sanders adds, no other one would as well describe the topographical characteristics of the state, for, with the ranges and spurs and isolated groups of mountains, the state of Montana is indeed a mountainous country. — Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Misconception.

Mistress—Do you understand all the duties of a waitress?
Servant—Yes, ma'am.
Mistress—Can you make mayonnaise dressing?
Servant—No, ma'am, but I can do plain sewing.—Truth.

Higher Criticism.

Teacher—Now, we have Daniel in the fiery furnace. What then?
Boy—Well, it wasn't hot enough for him.—Detroit Tribune.

$1,000,000,000.

TO BUY ROME FOR THE POPE FOR ONE BILLION DOLLARS.

A Scheme Which Is Really Mooted in Earnest by the Roman Catholics in Europe.

One billion dollars to free the Pope!

A thousand million raised by the faithful as a labor of love to buy the great City of Rome!

That is the project that has recently aroused considerable comment in newspapers and magazines and which prominent Cleveland priests and laymen discussed a few days ago with a World reporter.

Among the political problems of the present generation none is more interesting and none is perhaps of greater importance than the relations existing between the Papacy and the Italian government. Will they ever succeed in reaching an agreement to dwell together in peace? And if one or the other must triumph definitely, which will it be?

It is now about a generation since united Italy established itself firmly in Rome, a city whose illustrious traditions pointed it out as the natural capital of the new-risen monarchy. The previous government of the Papal states had been fairly describable as good or bad, according to the religious predilections of the observer, but it is at any rate certain that the revolutionists who seized it were thoroughly imbued with the conviction that to the victors belong the spoils. They illustrated their ideas by seizing without delay all the church property they could find.

Pope Pius IX., the then occupant of the Holy See, proceeded at once to offer such retaliation as lay in his power. He shut himself up in the Vatican palace, declaring that he was virtually a prisoner inasmuch as he could not venture abroad with either dignity or safety. He issued at the same time a solemn protest against the usurpation and commanded all true Catholic Christians throughout Italy to abstain from recognizing in any way the new order. He excommunicated all who were in active opposition to him, and, in fact, made use of every weapon which he thought consistent with the charity which suffereth long and is kind.

All was, apparently, of no avail. The Italian monarchy reared its head proudly among the nations and seemed to force recognition of its claims to greatness, even becoming, through its membership in the Triple Alliance, one of the arbiters of the peace of Europe.

When Leo XIII. succeeded to the Papal chair he found the position so intolerable that he even contemplated leaving the sacred city and taking refuge at the Island of Malta under the English flag. He was deterred from this move only by an intimation that the literary and art treasures of the Vatican and the archives of the church would have to be left behind, and by his belief that the King would be, on the whole, rather glad to get rid of him.

The latest suggestion for settling the controversy is a novel one. It has come from nobody knows where, and is without any official sanction, but has nevertheless the appearance of being put into circulation with the intention of having it seriously considered by those concerned. It is nothing more or less than a proposition that Rome should be ransomed by a subscription taken up among the faithful throughout the world. The sum mentioned is one billion dollars, and it is hinted that for this amount the "Piedmontese usurper" might consent to march away at the head of his legions and leave the Holy Father to pursue undisturbed for a season his task of pointing out the way of salvation to the children of men.

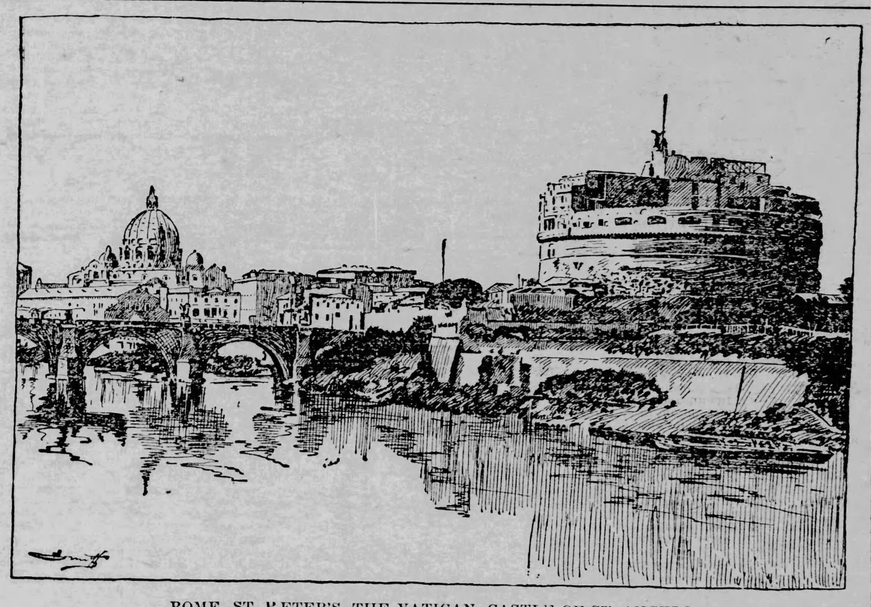
Not Encouraged.

But the proposal has met with no encouragement from Roman Catholics, though it has attracted no little attention. Being the parties who are expected to foot the bill, they not unnaturally ask what they are going to get for their money.

In the first place they hold that the King of Italy has no moral right to the possession of Rome and can not lawfully sell what does not lawfully belong to him. Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have time and again solemnly protested against the unjust seizure of the patrimony of the church and have never touched a penny of the indemnity voted to them by the Italian government under the so-called law of guarantees, as to accept the money would be a recognition of the present regime. And then, too, what guarantee of security of tenure could be given by a government borne into power on a move of revolution and liable to be swept out again at any moment by a returning wave?

According to the Catholic view the Italian dynasty was never more insecure than at the present moment. Bankrupt in finances at home and bankrupt in glory in Abyssinia, he is but a purblind politician who can not read the handwriting on the wall. To buy Rome under these circumstances would be but a method of replenishing the exhausted coffers of the Italian exchequer and handing over more spoils to the despoiler. Everything comes to those who know how to wait and the Papacy, they believe, in God's own good time will yet have its own.

Mr. Thomas A. Connelly, editor of the Catholic Universe, Cleveland says: "It is gaining ground in Italy fast. The Papal states as one of the members of a federal republic would have all the liberty of action requisite and I believe that such will eventually be the solution of the difficulty."



ROME—ST. PETER'S, THE VATICAN, CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

PARIS' BIG STORES.

System by Which the Employes Are Organized, Lodged and Fed.

The great department stores in Paris, such as the Bon Marche, the Louvre and the Printemps, carry the organization of their employes to a point not dreamed of here, and have in operation extensive and costly plans for stimulating the interest and energy of the help in the business to the highest degree, says the New York Sun. The new employe receives at the start a salary of 400 francs, or about $80 a year, besides being lodged and fed, and in addition a commission of from two to five per cent upon his sales, so that the lowest salesman rarely makes less than $160 a year. A head of department, or buyer, as he is known here, may easily make from $2,500 to $3,000 a year, and some of them exceed $5,000. While these figures are low compared with the $10,000 and $20,000 salaries paid in New York, they seem high when measured with the scale of salaries that prevails in France. Thus the best paid among the higher employes receive larger salaries than the presidents of sections in the councils of state and generals of division. The average pay of an experienced salesman is about 4,000 francs, or $800 a year.

The total number of employes at the Bon Marche and the Louvre is about 3,000 each, among whom are only about 400 women. In the Bon Marche and the Louvre lodging in the buildings provided by the establishment is optional for employes of both sexes less than 21 years old; in the Printemps it is obligatory. The Louvre has on the Avenue Rapp a great building accommodating 250 male employes, and not far from it another where 100 young girls are lodged. The Bon Marche furnishes similar accommodations. All these establishments are conducted under peculiarly stringent rules. The girls have a parlor where entertainments are organized on Sundays and certain evenings of the week, but from which the other sex are excluded utterly. Not even a father or a brother may be received there.

All the employes receive their meals in the stores except the highest, and these are permitted to eat outside, and receive an allowance of 800 francs a year in the way of commutation of rations. Furthermore married employes are allowed to dine at home and receive a commutation of one franc a day. The average cost of food is from 32 to 40 cents a day for each employe. The fare consists at the Louvre of one helping of meat, all the vegetables and bread that can be eaten, dessert, and a pint of claret. For dinner soup is added. At the Bon Marche employes may ask for two helpings of meat. The average daily quantity of food consumed in one of these establishments includes 2,500 quarts of soup, 3,000 pounds of bread, 2,500 pounds of meat, 1,200 pounds of fish, 500 pounds of butter and 10 barrels of wine. At the Louvre the kitchen force includes fifteen cooks and eighty waiters. The cost of the food exceeds 2,000,000 francs a year.

The great stores have a medical service for their employes, which includes an infirmary and outings in the country or at the seashore. In addition, when a man or a woman completes seven years of service at the Louvre, a sum of 1,000 francs is credited to him in the pension fund, and afterward 200 francs a year up to his fiftieth year of service. The savings fund of the Bon Marche amounts now to 2,000,000 francs, and 200,000 francs is added annually, and in addition there is a pension fund founded by Mme. Boucicault, who built up this immense business, which now amounts to 6,000,000 francs.

One of the Old Masters.

A friend of mine was playing a selection from Spohr one day in her apartments, when the landlady, entering, said:

"Ah, that reminds me of my dear son who used to play the piano."

"Why?" asked my friend. "What did he play?"

"Oh, summat from the great masters," she returned; "I forget the name."

"Was it from Spohr?" questioned my friend.

"No, it warn't Spohr, and it warn't Spout."

"Was it Handel?" asked my friend.

"Ah, yes," cried the old lady, brightening up. "I knew it was something to do with a jug."—Answers.

Melancholy Probability.

"I don't see how a girl that wears bloomers can read what the Rev. Dr. Kittredge Wheeler said about bloomer girls in his sermon last Sunday and not blush for shame."

"The trouble is that the bloomer girl never reads sermons and never blushes."—Chicago Tribune.

A Boy's Reason.

"Tom, which will you have for your birthday, a bicycle or a watch?"

"Bicycle," said Tom. "The wheels are bigger."—Harper's Round Table.

AN INDIAN CONTORTIONIST.

The Remarkable Exploits of a Brahminical Yogi.

There is an Indian Yoga entertaining the people of London now who is said to be worth crossing the sea to behold. He is a Brahmin, according to one of his admirers and celebrants: one of the old, old sect of Cave Worshipers, whose ancestors were practically intelligent men in times when ours ran wild in woods and stained themselves with woad. His elaborate contortions take the shapes of flowers, fruits, animals and even buildings, and he is the master of no fewer than 84 definite postures, every one of which would be a painful impossibility to any ordinary contortionist. The shapes that his movements take are only

intelligible to a practiced eye. Much interest attaches to certain facts connected with Yoga's marvelous work. The training commenced with the sixth year of life, and he has been forty years acquiring his present condition of efficiency. His work has a definite religious value, and together with restraint, meditation, nerve control and trance, leads the happy anchorite to salvation. To say that the Yoga has complete mastery over his limbs does not adequately express his power. He can do things that, apart from their disciplinary value, are perfectly and horribly wonderful, and throughout every creation the expression of his face never alters in the least. Grave, decorous and sincere, he goes through terrible contortions with no apparent effort, and can remain in any section for an indefinite time. He is recognized even in India as a man of

extraordinary power, and is of very high caste.

The work must not be confounded with what is merely horrible, like the efforts of boneless men and human serpents. There is nothing of the "side show" about the performance of the great Yoga. It is a sudden revelation, a passing glimpse of the achievements of a people who are little more than a name to the average American, for the strange mystery of sacred rites is seldom brought home to the western world, where fantastic observance is almost forgotten. The surroundings of a huge exhibition, the gaze of unsympathetic eyes, the noise and bustle of rival entertainers, leave the wonderful Brahmin unmoved. His heart and soul are in his work.

ORIGINAL JACK HORNER.

He Really Existed and Got a "Plum," but Was Not a Good Boy.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue.

When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their nests the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and, as the documents were very valuable and the road infested with theives, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents—the finest filing a pie ever had—and intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended.

But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting and the chance of detection was small.

So he broke off a piece of the pie, and beheld the parchment within. He pulled it forth ludicrously enough, wondering how it could have found its way there tied up in pastry, and arrived in town.

The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells Abbey estates were missing.

The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners and heavy the vengeance they dealth out to the monks.

But Master Jack Horner kept his secret and when peaceable times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.

LIES ABOUT LAWYERS.

Bobby—Pa, they call lawyers legal lights, don't they? Pa—Yes, Bobby. Bobby—Well, pa, why ain't Mr. Edison an electric light?—Judge.

Friend—Did you suffer much? The injured party—Did I suffer? For a whole week after the accident a dozen lawyers made my life miserable trying to get me to bring a suit against the company.—Puck.

"I will make a free confession," said the client to the lawyer. "Free, sir!" Indeed you won't, sir!" roared the lawyer. "Say whatever you may, you'll be charged 15s 6d for this interview!"—Tid-Bits.

Attorney—Well, now you say that you saw the man who did the stabbing? Witness—Yis, sor. Attorney—And would you know the culprit again if you saw him? Witness—He wasn't no culprit, sor; he was a 'Eyetalian.—Cleveland Leader.

"Are you a single man?" asked the lawyer of a stolid-looking German on the witness-stand. "Now you look out," was the indignant reply, "bud don'd you try to make no choke mit me yoost because I vas green. Do I look like I vas a double man? Do I look like I vas a Siamese down? Huh! I vas no fool if I am not long in dis guntry!"—Harper's Bazar.

Boggle (lawyer)—"Mr. Fitum, here is a check for $150. I have charged you $250 for my service. I hope you will not think it unreasonable. Fitum—Well, Mr. Boggle, you have collected only $400, it is true—but then you have had so much trouble with all those complaints and affidavits and things that I think you deserve most of it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the lawyer, in a very loud, commanding voice. "I hope not, sir," shouted the witness, at the top of his lungs. "How dare you speak to me in that way?" angrily asked the lawyer. "Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler. "Have you been drinking?" "Yes, sir." "I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"—Texas Sifter.

An Upperent.

"It is not true that Harry married me for my money."

"Of course not, dear. He knew better, certainly."—Philadelphia North American.

A Frustrated Scheme.

Belle—Why did you reject him last evening, when he was willing to wait till to-day for his answer?

Blanche—Because I saw he meant to stay right there till he got it.—Truth.

Our Serial Story

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THE FELLOW PASSENGERS:

A Mystery and Its Solution.

By RIVINGTON PYKE,

Author of "THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED," "LONDON OF THE PAST," &c, &c.

CHAPTER I.

The express starting from Euston at 1:30 p. m. was due to reach Preston at 6.50. By means of a "local" from Preston, which connected with the mail-train, it was possible for passengers by the latter to go on to Widdon, with but a few minutes loss of time, also to arrive at Widdon, which lay on a branch line, a dozen miles away, about 7.30 the same evening. This was what Walter Broadhurst, of Widdon, was expected to do on a certain 5th of December.

He was the trusted clerk of an old-established firm of solicitors, and had been sent up to London, on special business, on the previous Tuesday. The day in question was Friday; and he had written the evening before, to his wife, saying that his business was finished, and that she might expect him at the time named.

The Broadhursts were a newly-married couple. This was the first separation they had endured, and as they had not yet begun to find the bonds of wedlock irksome, they—Mrs. Broadhurst, at any rate—looked forward eagerly to its termination.

"I do wish Walter would come," said Mrs. Broadhurst, for the fourth time, when the hands of the clock pointed to 7:50. No. 32, Edinburgh terrace, where they lived, was only five minutes walk from the station, so that Walter was already fifteen minutes late.

"Don't worry," counselled her companion, Nellie Broadhurst, who, only being sister of the laggard, could afford to be philosophical. "He won't come any the sooner," she added smartly.

"I know—but it makes me so anxious," said the wife fretfully. "And, besides, his supper will be over-done." Mrs. Broadhurst fitted about restlessly as she spoke.

"I declare," said Nellie, after a moment, watching her companion with maidenly disapproval, "I do declare, if you're not as bad as Aunt Susan!"

This was a very severe remark, and would have moved any rational person to anger. For Aunt Susan was quite the bogey of the Broadhurst family—and a tangible bogey, too. A sudden shock at the age of 32 upset the poor woman's reason, and led to her spending the last 27 years of her life in an asylum—a mild and inoffensive but hopelessly incurable lunatic. As it was whispered that certain Peter Broadhurst, in the preceding generation, had failed similarly, it seemed rather as if there was a strain of morbidness in the Broadhurst blood. Hence, in part, the cutting nature of this remark—though applied only to the wife of a Broadhurst.

The person addressed was too much pre-occupied to make a fitting reply—was, indeed, too happy, despite her apparent lack of that quality, to care about bandying words. Consequently, Nellie's presumption went for the moment unpunished.

The Broadhurst sitting room bore many marks of being attended to by the fondest and most foolish of wives. Its lord's arm chair was drawn up to the fire at exactly the right angle, his slippers were resting nicely inside the fender, his tobacco jar was placed within easy reach, and a savory steaminess which issued from the oven told that the comfort of his inner man had been considered with equal carefulness. If ever a newly-married husband was in the way of being spoiled, Walter Broadhurst was the man.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Broadhurst tearfully, five minutes later. "I'm sure that train has come in. It must have by this. He can't have come by it."

"Do sit down," said Nellie, scornfully. "The man's not made of sugar. He'll come, you'll see, when he's tired of staying away. Men always do."

"How hard-hearted you are!" exclaimed the anxious wife. "But then you're not married," she added weakly. That makes all the difference."

"Married or not," retorted Nellie, stoutly, "I wouldn't make such a silly of myself for no man."

The exchange of remarks provoked at length, went on a little while, and ended, as all such must end, in Mrs. Broadhurst taking refuge behind her final and only line of defence—namely, tears. A knock at the door, heralding a visit from her father, Mr. Ormrod, afforded a diversion.

"What! what!" he exclaimed, "tears! What are they for?"

Mrs. Broadhurst explained indignantly how Nellie had been outraging her feelings, and this led to an announcement that her husband, though expected back, had not yet made his appearance.

"Oh, I think I can explain why," said Mr. Ormrod soothingly. "I was told as I came along that there was a block on the line. Something about a coal train, I think, down at Gulby. I didn't stop to get particulars, but that will account for his being so late."

"Then Walter will come by the next from Preston?"

"Yes, most likely," said Mr. Ormrod. "It's a close fit, you know, to catch that earlier train, at the best of times. There are only five minutes to spare as it the London train's more than five minutes late—well, it can't be done.

Mrs. Broadhurst seemed relieved. She dashed away her tears, inspected the contents of the oven, re-adjusted the position of the arm chair, and finally observed that sac felt inclined to go as far as the station to meet Walter. Nellie, on being appealed to, declined the walk.

The train in question reached Widdon at 8:36. Ten minutes before it was due Mrs. Broadhurst left the house en route for the station.

On her way down the street she encountered the Rev. Mr. Jakes, the vicar of St. Bartholomew's, where she and her husband attended. Mr. Jakes was a persona grata with the newly wedded pair; the more so as Walter spent much of his leisure time in acting as assistant, unpaid, to the reverend gentleman. Among other things Walter was the superintendents of St. Bartholomew's Sunday school.

"Good evening Mrs. Broadhurst," said Mr. Jakes effusively. "How are you this evening?"

Mrs. Broadhurst made a suitable (and flattered) reply.

"How is Mr. Broadhurst? Really, I haven't seen him for some days now—how is that?" The latter sentence was uttered chidingly.

"Oh, didn't you know?" said Mrs. Broadhurst. And then she gave an eloquent account of the important mission which had been entrusted to her husband, finishing up with the remark that she expected him back by the next train, which she was now on her way to meet.

Mr. Jakes remembered, after making a special effort, that Mr. Broadhurst had said something to him about being away from Widdon for several days. The reverend gentleman, though, had not paid much attention at the time. Must have been thinking of something else—one in his position had so much, you know, to think of. Mrs. Broadhurst, more flattered than before, and blushing furiously, accepted the apology, and proceeded on her way.

It still wanted a few minutes of the scheduled time when she entered the station. This room she found in an unusual state of excitement. The door leading to the inner apartment was open. A small crowd of people stood before it, and from inside the doorway, Mr. Southern, the station-master, was (or, rather, had been) making a short oration. She heard the concluding words, which seemed to refer to the block on the line, already mentioned by Mr. Ormrod. A moment later, Mr. Southern disappeared inside, the door was shut, and the little knot of people melted away.

Mrs. Broadhurst stood aside till the room was clear. These people who had been interviewing the station-master were rough folks, and the little woman was particular as to whom she came into contact with. When they were nearly all gone, she went up to the aperture, and attracted Mr. Southern's attention.

"Can you tell me whether Walter came by the 7:30 train?" she asked.

"I didn't see him," said Mr. Southern, who seemed rather excited.

"Was the train late? I expected him by that, from Preston, but he hasn't appeared yet."

"A few minutes only," was the curt response.

"But I thought there was a block on the line," said Mrs. Broadhurst. "Father came in and told me so."

"Oh, yes; there is. But not between here and Preston. Walter coming from Preston, did you say? If so, there's another train just about due. He might come by that."

"Well—a—really," said Mrs. Broadhurst, with a tinge of importance, "the fact is, he is coming all the way from London—but through Preston. I suppose the London train was late."

"From London?" Southern repeated ominously.

"Yes."

"Oh! Do you happen to know by what train—when he started, that is?"

"Yes, he was to leave Euston station at half-past one."

Southern gave vent to a low whistle, and looked blankly at his questioner. He seemed to be considering what to say next.

For some moments, he got no further than pursing up his lips and nodding his head—as if with weight of knowledge. Then a bell rang, the 8:36 train from Preston rolled in, and he was able, with a good grace, to postpone his reply.

He went off to the platform, there to superintend during the train's short stay.

Mrs. Broadhurst stood aside while the throng of passengers filed out. She watched expectantly for the figure of her husband. Her disappointment was extreme when the last of the arrivals came into view, and her husband had failed to make his appearance. A moment later, Mr. Southern, coming back from the platform, joined her.

"Walter not come yet?" he inquired briefly.

"No, he hasn't," said Mrs. Broadhurst quietly.

"I didn't expect he would be on this," Mr. Southern went on. "When you told me he was coming from London, I guessed how it would be."

"Why?" asked the woman in a fright. "How is that?"

"Well, the fact is," Southern said, "it's the main line that's blocked—somewhere down by Gulby—and the trains can not get through. Consequently, this train your husband is on would be detained. I shouldn't be at all surprised if Walter had to stop somewhere through the night."

"Oh, dear; that is dreadful."

"There's another train from Preston," said Southern soothingly. "Arrives here 9:52. If he doesn't come by that he won't come at all till morning."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Broadhurst. "Do you think his train will get through to Preston in time to catch that?" The little woman spoke so pleadingly that Southern felt constrained to give her as much solace as possible.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said bluffly. "Still, if he doesn't turn up to-night, he'll be all right. You'll have him with you first thing to-morrow."

There was something in Southern's voice and manner which, when he willed it, inspired his listeners with the completest confidence in his words. He exerted his peculiar power now, in dealing with Mrs. Broadhurst. The consequence was that her fears departed like haze before the sun. She began to view Walter's delay with philosophical composure, and to feel rather interested than otherwise in the adventure which had fallen in his way. Happily for herself, she did not overhear the remark made in the inner office when she had turned away.

"Why, that's the train that got smashed," the booking-clerk observed.

Mr. Southern nodded moodily.

"If he came down by that, as she said—"

"H'm—he's in the smash." It was Southern himself who rounded off the sentence.

"Poor beggar! He may be one of those that are killed."

"Or one of the injured."

"As he hasn't turned up, it's pretty certain he's one or the other."

"Well," said Southern, soberly, "not quite. He may have stayed on, helping to look after the others. Then, again, there'd be a difficulty about trains. The traffic is all upset."

"H'm! Still he ought to have got to Preston in time to catch that 8:36." The clerk spoke under correction.

"He certainly ought to get there for the 9:52," the station master corrected. "If he doesn't come by that we may safely give him up, and conclude his name'll figure in the paper to-morrow morning."

"Poor beggar!" the booking-clerk again exclaimed. "And poor little woman, too! She'll take it hardly if anything's happened to him."

The station master assented thoughtfully.

"It would have been almost a charity to tell her—part, at least—right out. So as to prepare her."

"No, no," said Southern. "Time enough for that. She'll know exactly how she stands by noon to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

The mail train already alluded to was due through Gulby Junction at 6:25. This station was crowded at the time. A local train, for Blackport and intervening places, was in the siding, and waited only for its more important congener from the south to pass before drawing up alongside the platform.

It was a cold, damp, hazy evening. The passengers stamped impatiently up and down the said platform or huddled in groups in sheltered corners, or crowded round the waiting-room fire. The circumstances were such as inevitably bring out the less admirable of the human animal's characteristics. But 6:25 passed, and no train appeared. Soon the clock-hands pointed to 6:30, and still the train was awaited. Knowing ones averred that there was fog on the line, heavy fog probably, over toward the Cheshire border. However that might be, the mail was certainly late. It was not till nearly 6:35 that it at length hove in sight.

Its lights, yellow in the distance, advanced rapidly round the curve that led to the junction. There was a loud cry on the part of the porters, "Stand back, stand back," a hoarse whistle ending in a shriek, a deafening roar followed by a little whirlwind of dust, and then the express was gone. The local train immediately got into motion, in a fussy, rheumaticky sort of way—a way that contrasted funnily with the alertness and rapidity of its rival. Soon it placed itself in position, and proceeded to embark its human freight.

The section of line about Gulby was well-known to be dangerous. Iron roads from Manchester, Blackport and Liverpool all met there; and they were crossed at the junction by the great highway from Euston to the north. The traffic which passed this point was unwieldly great, the crossings (of lines) were numerous, and the switches and signals almost too complicated for merely human manipulation. Given a careless engineer or a sleepy switchman, a mistake in working or reading a signal, and an accident was only an affair of minutes. That days and weeks and months passed on, and no collision occurred, was a subject of common wonder.

The clean record of the section was to be besmirched on this particular evening. Just when the local train was read to start, lights were seen flashing wildly in the distance—red lights, too, foreboding danger. An explanation was quickly forthcoming. Half a mile beyond the station, the ill-fated express had collided with some coal cars, which had somehow—in some inexplicable fashion—got on to the wrong line. The result was, as might be expected, a scene of destruction beyond the power of mere words to picture.

Leaving the station in charge of a single porter, Weeks, the Gulby station master, with all his other subordinates, and with many of the passengers from the local train, hurried off to the fatal spot. The scene was a shallow cutting, and owing to the darkness of the spot, and of the night—the full extent of the disaster could not for some time be ascertained. When lights were procured in sufficient numbers, the business of investigating and of rescue was zealously proceeded with.

The great engine had finished its last journey. It lay on its side across the rails, a mere shapeless wreck. The car which followed it, and the cars which came next in order, were smashed into splinters. The framework was the only part left that was recognizable. The second coach, also, had suffered severely. Its foremost end was battered in; and though it remained upright, it had left the rails. Happily for the great bulk of the passengers, the worst of the damage was confined to these vehicles. The remaining cars, though shaken and disarranged, had kept the track, and beyond some breakages of their lighter fittings, had suffered but slightly.

Mr. Weeks directed the operations with great vigor. Doctors were sent for, the district superintendent was informed of the mishap, the line was blocked against all traffic, the wrecking crew was summoned, restoratives were hastily procured from the Legh Arms, which was close by, and beds were made up with all speed by the proprietress of that hostelry. Soon, very soon, it became evident that the injured were numerous, and that several had already succumbed.

While the rescue work was still going on, about the time when the exact proportions of the calamity became determinable, a curious incident occurred. At the moment, in the midst of so much that was exciting, it made little impression on Mr. Meeks. But afterwards he came to attach to it far greater importance.

A gentleman, evidently a passenger, was seated, in a dull lethargic fashion, on the damp grass of the slope. He wore a dark overcoat which was very long, and a silk hat—the latter somewhat battered. By his side on the grass lay a black valise. It was obvious, at a glance, that he was one of the minor sufferers from the mishap.

As Mr. Weeks was, just then, engaged in ascertaining the names of the killed and injured—and more especially the names of all who were likely to make claims against the company—he turned aside to speak to this gentleman.

"Did you come by this train?" he asked.

The gentleman nodded—in a dazed sort of way.

"Where are you for?"

The stranger produced his ticket. It was for Widdon—via Preston.

"You'll be able to go on in half an hour," Mr. Weeks said, scanning the gentleman narrowly. "There's a train coming to pick up passengers."

The gentleman appeared not to hear. Weeks took another good look at him, and brought the light of his lamp to bear on the man's features. "Bit touched surely," he commented. Then he repeated his information about the train.

The gentleman shook his head. "I think I'll go to Manchester," he muttered. "What time is there a train to Manchester?"

The station master was confirmed, by this inquiry, in his opinion. That a man bound for Widdon—which lay to the northwest—should suddenly change his plans, and want to go, instead, to Manchester—which lay east—and this, too, when nineteen-twentieths of his journey had been completed—was a pretty sure sign that his brain had been upset by the accident. Weeks, however, considered that he would not be justified in interfering. He treated the question, therefore, with as much respect as if it had been asked by a man in full possession of his senses.

"It's difficult to say," he replied. "The train service is entirely upset. Still, if you particularly want to get to Manchester—"

"I do. I do."

"Well—there'll probably be a train about 8 o'clock."

"That will do," said the gentleman. His brain seemed to clear a little, under the stress of conversing. "And from Manchester to London," he continued—"How do those trains run? Can I get back to London by 6 to-morrow morning?"

Back to London! Phew! So that was his reason for getting to Manchester! Weeks could understand, now, the gentleman's policy; which, evidently, was based on deeper grounds than he had given it credit for. He began to feel ashamed of himself for having doubted the passenger's sanity.

"Oh, yes," he said, "easily. There are several trains—one as late as midnight—that will set you down in London before the time you name."

The gentleman rose—rather stiffly—and picked up his bag. "Thank you," he said. "I will go via Manchester."

Weeks glanced at him shrewdly. "If you're not going on to Widdon," he remarked, "you might give me your ticket."

The gentleman at once complied.

"Have you all your luggage? Nothing smashed?"

"Nothing, except an umbrella—and my hat." The gentleman took off the latter, and contemplated it ruefully.

"Not hurt, yourself, are you? Do you intend to make a claim?" Weeks asked the latter question as a matter of form. But, of course, there could be only one answer to it—in the affirmative.

"Claim!" the passenger ejaculated, to Weeks's surprise. He uttered the word as if the idea was new to him. "Claim! no, certainly not. At least, I think not."

Weeks screwed up his mouth incredulously. Such magnanimity as this was quite uncommon.

"In any case, sir," he said dubiously, "you might give me your name and address. Perhaps, you'll change your mind later on. In that event, it would simplify matters considerably, if we—"

The passenger seemed lost in thought for a moment, and passed his disengaged hand across his brow. Then he nodded his assent.

"Will you write it down yourself, sir?" said Weeks, handing over a capacious memorandum book, in which many names had already been scribbled.

The gentleman took the book abstractedly, and began to write. He got as far as 'W—.' Then he stopped.

"Gloves too thick," he muttered. "Shall have to take them off. Or, perhaps—" he glanced inquiringly at Weeks—"perhaps you'll write it for me? Hand feels queer, now I come to use it."

Weeks took the book and pencil.

"What name, sir?"

"Walter Buckle."

This was given after a moment's hesitation.

"Wal-ter Buc-kle. Yes, sir. And what address?"

The gentleman fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a letter case.

"I've an envelope here," he said. "You can copy from that."

He held out the envelope, his thumb covering the name. The station-master threw on it the light of his lamp. The address ran thus—"32, Edinburgh terrace, Widdon." It was quickly copied by Weeks.

"Very good, sir," exclaimed the latter, as he shut up his book. "That's all I want. Good-night."

The next moment Weeks was gone.

"Blessed if I know whether he's right in his head, or not," Weeks muttered, as he strode away. "Seems sensible enough in some things, S'pose, though, he'll come round soon, if he isn't." The latter reflection was thrown in as a salve for his conscience. For, if the passenger's mental balance had really been upset, it was Weeks's obvious duty to detain him. And Weeks would in any case, have been averse to doing this.

A peculiar fact about the name on the envelope—and one that may interest the reader, though it was ignored by Weeks—was that it ended in "-ckle." Those two letters were plainly visible beyond the tip of the passenger's thumb. Now 'Buckle' cannot, according to any known fashion of spelling, be so written as to end thus. Ergo, the name set down was not "Buckle." Mr. Weeks noticed the discrepancy, but only in a casual, unthinking way. In the hurry of the moment, he forbore to speculate upon it, or to draw any conclusions from it. Soon, even, he forgot that he had ever seen it. It was not till later, till the light of other facts was shed upon the matter, that the subject recurred to his mind.

(To Be Continued.)

A SILKEN BOLERO.

Small Garment for Dressing Up a Plain Gown Into a Nice Theater Bodice.

There never were and truly never will be again so many little things for throwing around one at the theatre or for afternoon. Small pieces of bright, pretty goods are made up into these little wraps and capes,

BECOMING TO ALL FIGURES.

and when done they are truly marvels of becomingness.

Since anything that is cut off above the waist line is called a bolero, this name must be applied to a vest of pale tan silk striped with a tiny black line. The vest buttons over the bodice with broad black frogs, and is heavily lined with shell china silk, with an interlining of sheet wadding for substance.

The sleeves are a pretty puff pattern, with small irregular capes upon the shoulders, each lined with shell pink silk. This little garment is some warmth, and is decidedly becoming to the wearer, whether she be slender or stout.

BILL OF PARTICULARS.

Suggestions of a Modern Ceremony of Marriage.

Good Minister to a man wishing to be married—"Do you wish to marry this woman?"

Man—"I do."

Minister—"Do you wish to marry this man?"

Woman—"I do."

Minister—"Do you like this city as a place of residence?"

Man—"No; I prefer the suburbs."

Minister—"Do you like the suburbs?"

Woman—"No, indeed; I prefer the city."

Minister—"Are you a vegetarian in diet?"

Man—"No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef."

Woman—"I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian."

Minister—"Do you like a sleeping room well ventilated?"

Man—"Yes; I want the window away down, summer and

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Jefferson Davis.

"Would it have been right to have executed Jefferson Davis, or imprisoned him for life? Did the act of Horace Greeley, helping to bail out Davis from prison, make him a rebel?"—G. C. C., Barnesburg, O.

Mr. Davis was most certainly guilty of treason in its most aggravated form. The law fixes the penalty at death, and it would have been lawful to have either executed him, or imprisoned him for life. It was much better, however, to spare his life, all things considered. Mr. Greeley's act was prompted by the highest and truest patriotism, and most certainly did not make him a rebel, or a sympathizer with rebellion.

Tariff "Averages."

"Will you kindly inform me through your paper whether the average per cent of tariff under the Wilson bill is higher than it was before the McKinley bill was passed?"—W. T., Bellvue, Colo.

The average tariff rate is not a fixed quantity, but varies from year to year. It is ascertained by dividing the whole revenue from customs in any year by the whole amount of dutiable imports. For instance, if the whole amount of the revenue from customs were two hundred million dollars, and the whole amount of dutiable imports four hundred millions, the average rate of duty on dutiable goods would be 50 per cent. Now both these elements of the problem vary from year to year. To give the average rate for the last fifty years, under each of the numerous bills passed since 1846, would require more research and space than we can devote to it.

The law of 1846 levied a rate of 30 per cent. on the majority of important dutiable articles. This was reduced to 24 per cent. by the tariff bill of 1857. This is speaking generally, subject to various exceptions. The original Morrill bill of 1861 greatly increased them in many instances. During the war the rates were frequently increased, on the plea of the urgent need of revenue.

It was not, however, until 1864 that the revenue from the tariff under the war legislation reached a hundred millions of dollars a year. After the war imports increased, and the revenue from the tariff rose in 1871 to over two hundred millions of dollars.

The average rate in the fiscal year 1862 was 37.2 per cent.; in the fiscal year 1864 it was 47.06; in 1867 it was 46.56. In the year 1875 the rate had fallen to 38.15 per cent. It then began to rise again, and by 1887 had reached 47.10 per cent. In 1891, part of which was under the McKinley bill, the rate was 46.28. In subsequent years under the McKinley bill the rate ranged from 48% to 50 per cent. In the fiscal year 1895, under the present tariff, the duties collected were between 41 and 42 per cent. of the dutiable imports; in 1896 a fraction less than 40 per cent.

Glossy Ink.

E. G. A., Mt. Perry, O., has our thanks for the following reply to a query given in this column:

"To H. E. M.'s enquiry for glossy ink, I can say this: A few years ago, by accident, I poured some black ink into a bottle containing some mucilage. I shook the well, and tried to write. I found it the best glossy ink I could find. It has held its own for six years. I can not tell you the proportions as they vary, the difficulty being as I think you will find with all inks of this kind, its being slow to flow. But if mixed right, is almost a perfect gloss."

Exchange of Money.

"Will you kindly tell me how the exchange of money between different countries is affected without loss from the face value of the different moneys?"—F. M. B., Divale, Va.

So long as the coin is "sound" money—that is, circulates at its bullion value, as our gold does—and paper money is redeemable on demand in gold, thus holding it up to gold value—there is no loss in exchanging it for the money of any other country. For instance, if you wish to send $1,000 to England, you can go to a bank and buy a draft on London for the English pounds, shillings and pence, without loss of value.

Bullion Certificates.

"Will you please state what those silver certificates are secured with bullion or coin, that are sold in the market at about 65 cents?"—J. B., Big Rock, Iowa.

The Mercantile Safe Deposit company, of New York city, is an institution for the safe deposit of money, stocks, legal papers, jewels, or anything else of the kind. Owners of silver bullion deposit the bullion in its vaults, and receive therefor certificates of deposit. Those certificates are just like warehouse receipts for wheat. The men who deal in bullion buy and sell these certificates, and whenever the bullion is needed for export, or for use in the arts, the holder of the certificate presents it to the company, and receives the bullion. Here is the statement of the company for October 31:

	Ounces.
Bullion on deposit	1,040,26[illegible]
Deposited	8,005
Withdrawn	75,370
Certificates outstanding	1,049,000

These certificates are not the United States silver certificates. The government has nothing to do with them.

What Does It Mean?

"What does the word 'Winneshiek' mean?"—Inquirer, Decorah, Iowa.

Will some reader who is posted in the etymology of Indian names please send us the answer to this question for publication? The first portion of the word is also found in the names Winnebago, Winnipeg, Winnesook, Winnemucca, Winnetka, Winnetoon, Winnipauk, and Winnabow.

The Gold Dollar.

L. E., Romney, W. Va.: The market value of gold is $20.67½ per ounce, or 0.04767 per grain. The gold dollar and eagle are 23.22 grains of 24 carat gold, that is perfectly pure, or as nearly so as the refining process can make it. The gold contained in a gold dollar is, therefore, worth, to be exact, 100.05556 cents, or a small fraction of a mill more than $1, and that in a $20 gold piece is worth exactly $20.0021012, or a little more than $20. The contention of the advocates of a 50-cent gold dollar always has been that if a gold coin be melted into bullion or hammered into a shapeless mass, it would still be worth, as an article of merchandise, just as much as it was when coined.

National Bank Currency.

"How much in notes can a national bank issue?"—T. M. M., Angola, Ind.

According to the act of July 12, 1882, national banks having a capital stock of $150,000 or less might deposit bonds to the amount of one-fourth of their capital stock, this making the lowest amount permitted, or $12,500 on the minimum capital of $50,000. Upon this deposit of bonds the comptroller of the currency issues to the banks as demanded bank notes to an amount not exceeding 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds. The limit of the notes that may be issued to a bank is 90 per cent. of its capital, if not in excess of $500,000; 80 per cent. if over $500,000, but not more than $1,000,000; 75 per cent if over $1,000,000, but not more than $3,000,000; 60 per cent if over $3,000,000 capital.

Transcendentalism.

"Will you please explain through the columns of The Blade what Transcendentalism was, by whom originated and by whom believed in? Also what there is, if any, believed or practiced at present?"—L. C. H., Oregon, Wis.

The term "transcendental," in metaphysics, is a term applied in general to ideas and doctrines which are suggested to us by experience. Kant gave a newer definition to the word. Thus, by his transcendental philosophy is meant his system of the principles of the pure reason, which is, in itself, not with the objects or matter of knowledge, but with the subjective ideas or forms, as time, space, substance and causality, through which objects are presented to us as phenomena.

It is not a form of religious belief, but a doctrine in metaphysics.

The Oneida Community.

"Who established the Oneida Community, where is it, and when was it established?"—J. B. B., Napoleon, O.

The Oneida Community carried on manufacturing on a large farm of 650 acres in the town of Lenox, in Madison county, N. Y. The farm is three miles south of Oneida. Some of the factories were built in the town of Vernon, Oneida county. The community was organized in 1847, under John H. Noyes, by whom their peculiar religious and social tenets mostly originated. They formed a general community holding a common interest in all things. The relation of the sexes was placed, not on that of civilized society, on the basis of law and constraint, neither on the opposite one of mere freedom, but on that of "inspiration." The members were principally engaged in milling, nursery business and manufacture of steel traps, sewing silk, traveling bags, cravats, and palmleaf hats. Noyes died at Niagara Falls, Ont., April 13, 1886, where he had lived seven years in exile. In 1876 the practices of the community under his leadership became so objectionable that Bishop Huntington and John W. Mears, of Hamilton College, began a crusade against it, and Noyes, who was in danger of indictment, fled to Canada. He exercised great influence over the members, but was not powerful enough to prevent the reorganization of the community, and the Oneida Community (limited), an incorporated company, succeeded to the property and business of the old community on January 1, 1881. The capital stock was fixed at $800,000 and this was divided among the 270 members in proportion to the amount of capital they had put in. The stock stands well as an investment, yielding about 8 per cent. After Noyes fled to Canada the practices that had brought the society into disfavor were generally abandoned.

Miscellaneous.

G. B., Sweet Water, Mo.: The notices are paid advertisements. We know nothing of him.

E. G. A., Mt. Perry, O.: We cannot at present recall any book containing the arguments you want.

W. H. J., Parma, Mich.: Aluminum can be had of metal dealers in New York. Send to the Scientific American, New York, for information. Aluminum is a little heavier than pine wood. We do not know its exact price per pound, but it is probably about 50 cents.

J. A. D., Churches, Tenn.: The weight of the silver dollar, under the act of 1892, was 416 grains. Its fineness was only 892.4 parts of pure silver in 1,000 by weight. By the act of 1837, its fineness was changed to 900 parts pure silver in 1,000, and its weight was reduced to 412½ grains. The amount of pure silver in it remained just the same. The latter act was not intended to circulate in the United States, but it was put in circulation because ignorant people would take it for a dollar's full value, and hence there was a profit in having it coined, as the privilege of free coinage was granted it.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

A Manual for China Painters, by Mrs. N. D'R. Monachesi, is the most thorough and complete manual for china-painters, ever prepared, and offering such instruction and suggestions as the use of mineral colors as will enable amateurs to pursue this beautiful art by themselves. In short, nothing pertaining to this art seems to have been omitted that could aid the student, and the author says in her introduction, the book contains such information as she sorely needed herself while learning to paint on china.

Mrs. Monachesi has had large experience in practically and theoretically demonstrating her familiarity with this art, both with her brush and pen, having already acquired a reputation thus. Her contributions to various art journals. The color plates showing the exact Lacroix colors, which make a most valuable addition to the Manual, were made by Mr. Lacroix himself especially for this book. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

On The Staff is the fourth volume in the series of The Blue and the Gray—on Land. In these volumes Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a graphic view of the exciting scenes and realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of the memorable national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully set forth. Patriotism and heroism is the keynote of the motive of these tales, and the author inculcates in a convincing yet alluring manner the great lessons of honor, duty, and love of country.

They will help to fire the young of the present day with something of the patriotic enthusiasm that thrilled their fathers' hearts during that dark period in the history of their country. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

Wo Ten; or a Story of the Roses, by Barbara Yechton, is not, as might be supposed, a story of horticulture, but a very delightful tale for younger readers by a rising writer of books for the young. It has appeared serially in The Churchman, in the pages of which it aroused much interest. It is a fresh and healthy presentation of the life of a family of children, their interests, adventures, and escapades. The illustrations by Miss Minna Brown add to the attractiveness of this unusually pleasing book for boys and girls. Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers, New York.

Won Under Protest, a romance by Celia E. Gardner, is far removed from the sensational as possible, yet in matter as well as style, possesses a fascination that will recommend it to the general novel-reader. It professes to be nothing more than a simple love story. It is told in the first person, the tone is high and pure, the dialogue bright and natural, and though if it were true, such a revelation of the workings of a woman's heart might be in questionable taste, it being in all probability merely fiction, will escape that form of criticism. G. W. Dillingham & Co., Publishers, New York.

Harper & Brothers, New York City, have issued a descriptive list of their publications with portraits of many of their writers. The first part includes a finely illustrated description of their fine establishment which has been in existence since the year 1817. It makes a very attractive pamphlet and gives an excellent list of the many books, with their authors, which this house has brought before the public.

The Historical Development of Modern Europe, by Charles M. Andrews, of which the first volume has just appeared, is a work of importance. It begins with the French Revolution and extends to the revolution and reaction in Central Europe in 1850; that is to say the author has traced the social, political and economic changes during the period of the French revolution which have brought about the present conditions. Mr. Andrews says: "I have tried to present the subject with a distinct regard for the continuous development of the life and thought of Europe, to study those movements that have made for progress rather than to describe events in detail, or to present all the subjects with blissful completeness." The reader will, however, find that an excellent discrimination has been employed in the selection of such events and struggles as will make a clear picture of the great changes in political thought and organization. The next volume will cover the period from 1850 down to the present. It is a most valuable work for all public and private libraries. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West 23d street, New York City, are the publishers.

Southern Side-Lights by Edward Ingle, is the tenth volume of Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics. This book is written in an exceedingly bright and vivid style, one which attracts readers who would otherwise turn away from what would seem dry and statistical. Defining the term Southern, Mr. Ingle discusses the following subjects: Types of the People; Where Cotton was Ruler; Phases of Industry; Trade and Commerce; The Educational Situation; Literary Aspirations; Plans for Progress; The Peculiar Institution, and The Crisis. Carefully selected and weighed statistics give authority to his conclusions. His treatment of the Slavery Question will attract wide attention by its calm, dispassionate discussion of a subject which came near rending the country asunder. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York City.

Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss, and Other Stories, by Edward William Thomson, is a book for boys. The story told is of a young man who undertakes the carrying through of a job that demanded the keenest foresight and a large knowledge of men and things, his father who was responsible for it having been taken suddenly ill. How he did it, his troubles in managing the men, and his final success make up a good story. Some of the others are Smoky Days; Drifted Away, and The Ten Dollar Bill. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Company, New York City.

The Story of Aaron, by Joel Chandler Harris, is one of those pleasant children's tales for which this author is famous. The experiences of Buster John, Sweetest Susan and Drusilla in Little Mr. Thimblefinger's Country, are extended to other scenes, and, as usual, they are both wonderful and pleasing. Aaron is a slave, known on the Abercrombie place in Middle Georgia, where the children resided as The Son of Ben Ali, from his Arab origin. The story of his life is told in turn, by different animals, with which the children are able to converse owing to the fact that "they have been too shed." What this curious enchantment consists of may be left for the reader to ascertain. Toward the close of the volume is an interesting chapter relating to the experiences of the characters in the story with the War of the Rebellion, and even this is made a pleasant remembrance because of the kindness shown by members of the household to an early school teacher who has become a member of Congress. The volume is freely illustrated and attractive in cover and binding. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The completely new and revised edition of the Eclectic System of Drawing is complete in nine numbers, prepared and graded for the school years corresponding to the number of each book: No. 1 for the first school year; No. 2 for the second school year, and so on. No. 1 is preceded by a three months' course in slate exercises, which are intended to give the pupil some idea of size and form, as well as some command over the muscles of the hand before commencing the exercises in the book.

All necessary explanations are given on the covers of the drawing books, and in the Suggestions to Teachers. The explanations accompanying the Eclectic Drawing Books enable any competent teacher to teach the system effectively. American Book Company, New York City.

A History of France, by Victor Duruy, of the French Academy, translated by Mrs. M. Carey, appears this season in two handsome volumes, with an introductory notice and continuation to the year 1896 by J. Franklin Jameson.

Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell university, and formerly minister to Germany and Russia, declared Duruy's to be the best of all short summaries of French history. President C. K. Adams does not hesitate to say that it is "beyond question the best history of France ever published in the small space of two volumes."

It became popular and passed through nearly a score of editions. Mrs. Carey translated it in 1889, and it immediately took its place as a standard work. Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, who, with singular skill and fairness brought down the narrative to the year of its first publication in this country, has performed the same labor for the present edition, so that it is perfectly up-to-date, and is to be recommended as both the best and also, indeed, the only trustworthy history of France, which covers the latest developments of the now firmly established republic. The illustrations are carefully selected and well reproduced. The portraits, of which there are nearly two dozen, are to be specially recommended. Well printed and handsomely bound, the two volumes are a variable addition to any library. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

In Chilhowee Boys at College, the author, Miss Sarah G. Morrison, had the good fortune to have family records as the basis and inspiration of her "Chilhowee" tales. She has made the best possible use of wonderfully interesting and instructive material. She has placed before the reader several families, the members of which have been depicted in perfectly distinctive portraiture, and all of these characters have acted in the exciting drama of frontier life. She has followed their struggles to make a home in the wilderness, and shown their failures and successes with such a natural style that they have become as real as if they were actually present in the flesh. Three of the Chilhowee boys go and fit for a Tennessee college, and make the journey on horseback. The story tells of their experiences both during the terms of study and while enjoying their vacations. The book is ably illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

A descriptive sketch of Santa Claus's Home, with other stories and rhymes, by Helen M. Cleveland and Margaret Gay, Laurel is the title of a delightful and interesting book for children by one well calculated to write it, as Miss Cleveland has spent considerable time studying French, German and Swiss juvenile literature and its relation to the school, and brings the result of her gleanings from other languages into this little book. The author has written many original stories for school children as well as translated and has contributed to juvenile periodicals. The short stores herein are selected with an earnest desire to furnish mothers with stories to read aloud to their children, and also for young children to read to themselves; and the rymes are chosen with a special desire to give something suitable for small children to sing and speak in school. The Arena Company, Copley Square, Boston.

Witch Winnie in Holland, by Elizabeth W. Champney, carries the popular heroine of this well known series of books to Holland, where she pursues her art education. It is difficult to imagine a country in Europe containing more treasures of art and more opportunities for Witch Winnie to finish her education than Holland. Many of the characters in the other volumes of the series are reminiscences of the author's travels, and indeed the narrative, though broken by several months (since the appearance of her last volume), is but barely disrupted. Reproductions of some of the masterpieces of Franz Hals, Vandyke, Rubens, etc., are included in the illustrations. Dodd, Mead & Co., Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, New York.

The Rosewood Club is the conclusion of Mrs. Upham's Hazlewood Stories, and it is a fit companion for the preceding volumes. The Boston Herald says: "Mrs. Upham knows how to use simple language, and to think as children think, and to live in the situations which are interesting to them. Her books are free from the objectionable features which such writing usually has, and are sure to obtain favor wherever they are read or known." Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

In Plants and Their Children, Mrs. William Starr Dana has written a delightful book for children and one which will fill a place now vacant both in school and at home. The book consists of a series of easy lessons or talkings on the wonders of plant life, written in such a charming manner as to make them as entertaining for children as stories, and their study a delight and pleasure instead of a task. No one who reads the book even hastily without realizing that the author has accomplished most satisfactorily the object set forth in the preface, of writing so as to stimulate and guide the curiosity of the child with reference to the study of nature while furnishing at the same time a delightful and instructive supplementary reader. The book is fully and most attractively illustrated by the writer's sister, and it is believed that its popularity will equal if it does not surpass that of How to Know the Wild Flowers, by the same author. The American Book company, New York.

Mr. C. W. Crockett has written a book which is the fruit of his long experience as a technical teacher. This is shown in the exceptional skill with which the subject is here presented for the use of beginners in the study of carpentry and joinery. The special adaptation of his book to the needs of the classroom. The treatment is excellent, the definitions and explanations being admirably clear and concise. The author avoids the very common error of overloading his treatise with a mass of irrelevant matter, which results only in perplexity and discouragement to the student. The tables are a especial feature of the book. They are printed from differentiated type on tinted paper to easily distinguish them and to facilitate their use both in class and field work. American Book company, New York.

In A Brief History of the Nations and of Their Progress in Civilization, by Dr. Geo. Park Fisher, the author has given us what is by far the most attractive and scholarly text-book on this subject yet written. The leading events of ancient, mediaeval and modern history are fully presented, yet in such compact form that the whole work may readily be compassed in time usually assigned to the study in schools. The writer has a mind of exceptional fairness; and his faculty of presenting a subject justly, lucidly, and attractively is well known to all acquainted with his writings. This book will be particularly desirable in a work designed for schools, where students ought first of all to be taught that history is calm and unbiased judgment applied to the narration and consideration of past events. It will be a pleasure to every one, no matter what his opinions, to welcome a work of such impartial and evenly balanced temper. In the number, beauty and value of its illustrations and maps this history far excels anything that has hitherto been published in this field. American Book company, New York.

Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage, by Charles E. L. Wingate, is a companion volume to Mr. Wingate's Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage. It covers a different series of plays—Othello, King Lear, The Merchant of Venice, Cortolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet and Richard III. The different actors who have personated the characters of these seven plays in former and in recent times make a list of almost two hundred, many of them the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament. This book, like the Heroines, is not intended exclusively for the professed lovers of theatrical literature. It is written with the hope of entertaining the masses of people who read with pleasure, if not to see them played, and who would naturally feel interested in knowing how the great actors of the past and present, in England and America, have interpreted the famous characters on the stage. The illustrations are many of them, taken from very rare old prints and add greatly to the value of the book. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

Not All the King's Horses is a brilliant tale of Washington society by Katherene Elives Thomas. It deals with the social struggles of a politician who finally succeeds in marrying a wealthy society woman. The characterization is typical of Washington life and the little story is cleverly told from start to finish. The Cassell Publishing company, Union Square, New York.

In the Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York, the author, Charles H. Hasemyl, gives a great number of reminiscences of the years between 1816 and 1860. Those of social customs now abandoned are most valuable, and those of the theatres are full of interest. As the most part they are short, the longest being a description of the old Bowery and the Bowery Theatre and of the Forrest-Macready riots. The first chapter, containing an account of the old streets and buildings, is well worth reading. The index is very full, being 34 pages in length, and adds greatly to the value of the book. A reference to it will enable the reader to turn at once to any topic of interest in this "mine of information" about old New York. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

In Robert Urquhart, by Gabriel Setoun, the lovers of Scotch stories will experience a delight the same as felt in the reading of The Lilac Sunbonnet, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, The Little Minister and other novels and tales in which are found tender pathos, delicate humor and a dramatic construction. The character of old Rob cannot fail to impress all readers, winning their love by his simple kindliness; while the schoolmaster's stiff manliness calls forth feelings of liking and respect, with a desire that he shall gain his heart's wish. The story is well worth a reading. Published by R. F. Femse & Co., New York City.

A Cape May Diamond, by Evelyn Raymond, with illustrations by Lillian Crawford True, is one of those delightful books for children which interest older people as well as the little ones. The story centers upon a young invalid girl and there are exciting incidents and surprises in the story, which is told with exceeding grace and brightness. The tale is full of moral lessons imparted in such a way that they do not hurt the interest. Roberts Brothers, publishers, Boston.

Elinor Belden or The Stepbrothers is one of the pretty stories which Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie tells so interest girls, and which are told so well that older people equally enjoy their reading. In this one there is the usual amount of incidents; a loss of property; a plucky young girl who undertakes business, in spite of the astonishment of people who think she will thus lose caste; and a final happy ending of her troubles in the way which best pleases those who know her. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

Christianity and Social Problems, by Lyman Abbott, is the title of a volume made up of sermons and lectures which have for their object the showing of Christ's mission to society. The following titles will show the general trend of the talk: The Founder of Christianity; Christianity; Christianity and Communism; Christianity and Socialism; Christ's Law of the Family; Christ's Law of Service; Christ's Standard of Values; Christ's Law for the Settlement of Controversies, and The Brotherhood of Man. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Tin Kitchen, by the Rev. J. Hatton Weeks, contains beside the title story, The Old Clock, The Teapot, and The Satin Shoes. In these stories, just as in Hawthorne's Town Pump, the article of revolutionary or anti-revolution association give autobiographical details, weaving in delightful pictures of New England life as seen from within. Mr. Weeks's style is simple and effective, and no one can read or hear these pretty little stories without wishing for more. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Amyas Egerton, Cavalier, by Maurice H. Hervey, is an historical novel. The outline of the story is as follows: Sir Guy Egerton went with the royal armies to suppress the rebellion of the Roundheads, and was killed in battle. His son Amyas, a lad of nineteen, then followed in the service against the rebels, and for bravery in many adventures won from cornet and standard and then knight. He loves Geraldine Vyvian, a neighbor. He takes her twin brother to the wars with him, but at the end of a few weeks he finds that the pale young officer is Geraldine herself, and that her brother, a coward, has fled to France. Amyas and Geraldine are married at once. Then follow many adventures and escapes in attempts to save the life of the king. Finally Amyas is arrested and locked up in the Tower, but he is eventually pardoned, and retires to his estates. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

A book which cannot fail in appealing to the hearts of all loyal citizens of the United States is a story of our civil war, entitled For Freedom's Sake, by Arthur Patterson, and in which the strongest figure is John Brown. Mr. Patterson has portrayed this true, steadfast, unconquerable man with the skill of an artist and the loving touch of an ardent admirer. "In his death," writes the author, "there was hope and prophecy of better days to come." The book is handsomely published by J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

The Gray Man, by S. R. Crockett, is one of those historical novels in which romance is given full sway. Nearly every chapter contains an incident in which men defend their lives. The adventures of Launcelot Kennedy, squire to Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, came out of the great feud between the two branches of the clan of Kennedy existing during the reign of King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England. The bloody civil war of the Scotch lends is illustrated. Launcelot fights on the side of the Earl of Cassillis, and finally marries the daughter of Sir Thomas and is knighted by the King. Harper and Brothers, New York city.

Tecumseh's Young Braves, by Everett T. Tomlinson is a new volume in the War of 1812 Series. It takes up the story of the Creek war, bringing his readers into a closer knowledge of one of the bravest of the historical Indian characters. The Indians, especially that of Tecumseh, have always been of intense interest, and become doubly so when presented in this author's attractive style. His treatment of the Indian story is such that it can safely be placed in the hands of our young people without fear that they will be induced to start for the West to emulate the heroic deeds of Old Tippecanoe and Kit Carson. Yet it is full of adventure and will be sure to interest young readers. It is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

In the series The Story of the Nations comes Bohemia, by C. Edmond Maurice. In the preface the author says that few countries have been more strangely misunderstood by the average Englishman than this one, and it is to present a true picture of it and its much slandered people that he has written the present volume. This covers the history of the country from the earliest times to the fall of national independence in 1620, with a short summary of later events. The "story" is told in very interesting manner and gives valuable information to the history reader. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city, are the publishers.

Novels in paper covers have been received as follows: The Price She Paid, by E. Werner, Band, McNally & Co., publishers; A Freak in Finance, by the above publishers; The Boomerang, by J. S. Bacus, published by him in New York. The Social Crimes, by Armstrong & Scott, published by W. L. Allison company, New York.

The Nation's Greatest Problem, containing the strongest arguments on the silver and gold questions, is compiled and published by Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

Mr. Marcer, of New York, is the story of a man who, from ill-health has retired to an isolated spot in the North Carolina mountains to recuperate. There he meets the heroine of the tale in the guise of a mountain maid. It is a story of tender and passionate love, of a man's honest endeavor along new and better lines, of reformation and sacrifice, of selfishness and love, and tragedy plays a part. George W. Dillingham company, publishers, New York.

While it is interesting to see how men have built up fortunes, as a rule through industry, saving and great energy, it is even more interesting to see how these fortunes have been or may be used for the benefit of mankind. Mrs. Sarah Knowles Bolton has written a book entitled Famous Givers and Their Gifts, which is well illustrated by photographs. The book is handsomely bound and is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

The fresh and wider interests in Thomas Paine, since the appearance of his biography, has led to an extensive demand for a full and critical edition of his writings. Mr. Conway's Life of Paine is the finest biography of the famous heretic worthy to be so called, and so popular was this work that Mr. Conway is said has been editing the work since its publication. The fourth volume is now issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

The Black Dog and other stories by A. G. Plympton are short tales which have appeared in the Wide Awake. Six Scholars, and Brought Together, together, they form a pretty and decidedly interesting book for children. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Doubtless among the lovely holiday gifts will be numbered Friar Jerome's Beauf tul Book, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The life of the volume is exquisite, and is from the pen of Miss Hallaway in black and scarlet. The poem is exquisite, and is in Mr. Aldrich's most charming humor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Oliphant's latest tale is An Unjust Steward. It is a Scottish story, centering upon a ministers, the Rev. George Buchanan, who is described by the title of the book. His fault, while not a great one, colored his whole life. The book, while serious in tone, is not sad, and has the humor of actual life in its episodes. It will not disappoint Mrs. Oliphant's many admirers, who eagerly await any new work from her pen. The book is published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The Madeira Islands, by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, author of An Allegory and Three Essays, All Round Athletics, etc., is a cleverly written narrative of the history of these islands. The book is of geographical value, owing to the correct maps and illustrations, and a chapter of useful information for the traveler and visitor. Published by Drexel, Biddle & Bradley Publishing Co., 905 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

A Little Girl of Long Ago, by Eliza Orme White, is a charming book of short stories for children. Among the most interesting of these are A Voyage in the Topaz; A Midsummer Day; Sailing to Nantucket; Rosy Cakes and Humming Birds; A Doll's Garden Party; Maretta's Birthday. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Herb Moon, a fantasia by John Oliver Hobbes, is one of the most charming stories ever written by this brilliant author. It is a love tale placed in English setting, and differing from other stories written by this author, concludes happily. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city.

A Full Confession is the narrative of a school girl's romance, her life at a boarding school in France, her rash elopement, and the consequences of this marriage. Doubtful at first, but ending pleasantly. The book is bright, amusing, and the plot cleverly carried out. It is published in the Newport series of modern fiction by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city.

The demand has been growing for a text book on the subject of scientific temperance adapted to the needs of the class room, and has now been met by an excellent work entitled Scientific Temperance, by Dr. Tidd. Published by A. Flanagan, Chicago.

Rational Elocution, a thoroughly practical treatise on the science and art of human expression, by Isaac Hiscox Frawn. The purpose of the author in this book, as its title implies, has been to present the science of human expression in a manner so simple and concise and so reasonable, that no student with average zeal and ability would experience difficulty in comprehending and applying its principles. The selections in the volume are of the best, and the book is handsomely bound and published by A. Flanagan, Chicago.

Why He Believes.

"Do you believe the story about Joshua commanding the sun to stand still?"

"Well, I've told my wife worse stories than that in trying to prove to her that the clock was wrong."—Washington Times.

But Not to Others.

Clara—Do you call Bertha a beauty? Maudie—To her face, yes.—Boston Transcript.

Do not fail to read This. Slater's offer on page 3 for men.

VELVET PRINCESS CLOAK.

It Will Be a Favorite With Washington Ladies Who Go Calling a Great Deal.

The velvet cloak is in again. This is good news for the slender woman, but melancholy tidings for the stout one; yet so much is possible in the new velvet combinations that almost all figures can be suited.

The princess velvet cloak is a novelty and will be fashionable. In Washington,

A NEW VELVET CLOAK.

where handsome cloaks are much worn, the Princess cloak will figure at many a reception. This cloak is hooked from the knees to the yoke. The yoke and sleeves are of velvet, contrasting material and color. Emerald-green velvet, braided with black, with sleeves to match, adorned one of the princess velvet cloaks.

The hat must be covered with velvet. It should be well tipped over the face and trimmed with velvet loops and bright flowers. The ever-popular feather boa is worn around the neck.

ROMANCE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Answer Given to Willie of the Ribbon Counter by His Sweetheart.

Willie was a gentle youth, soft voiced and fair, and he tended the ribbon counter in his father's store.

Now Willie's father wasn't like Willie, "by no manner of means," and oftentimes the father looked upon his son and thought how gladly he would rip the ribbon counter department out of his store and replace it by a butcher shop filled with cleavers and sharp knives and raw heads and bloody bones, if only Willie was that kind of a boy.

There were times when the old man felt that only so much of a substitution as a pie counter would be a relief, but he would take another look at Willie and sadly shake his head.

One day the father slipped a large, cold pistol into his boy's pocket, and stood off to watch it soften Willie when he learned it was loaded. It took four doctors four hours to get the stiffening out of Willie, and until the last fifteen minutes they thought it would be permanent.

So the years went on and Willie was 25 and deeply in love with a girl.

Willie's father often wondered what kind of a girl it was, but he never saw her, for Willie was so shy about his heart affairs, the coy thing, that he never would talk about it at all, much less let his father see her.

His father knew it by watching the ribbon department very closely and catching Willie with a bolt in his pocket at intervals slipping it out of the store.

It came to pass, however, that Willie was compelled to inform his father of his emotional condition, for he really wanted to marry the girl, and in pursuance of this desire he had asked her to be his wife, and she had consented—on one condition.

So Willie went to his father.

"Papa—" He hesitated as he chewed the corner of his handkerchief. "I am in love, and I have asked the girl to marry me, and she has consented."

"Well, well, my boy," said the old man in that bass drum voice of his. "I'm glad of it. I've tried everything else, and maybe this is the very remedy needed."

But Willie didn't understand that it was sense his father was talking about that remedy he needed, so he only giggled.

"I'm so glad, papa," he twittered, "that you are glad."

"That's all right, my boy. When are you going to get married? I'll put up $10,000 as a wedding present."

"Oh, papa, how good of you! She said she would marry me as soon as Bryan was elected."

The father didn't say a word; he just gasped and choked for a minute, and Willie was frightened almost to death.

"Oh, papa," he cried.

His father seemed to be moved by some strange pity.

"My boy, my poor boy," he said, with tenderness, "don't you see how she's jeffing you?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Willie.

"Don't you see? Don't you see?" implored the father.

"No, papa, I do not," and Willie showed a disposition to pout.

The father slapped his leg in disgust. "Well, you're a bigger d—d fool than I thought, you were," he said, and strode out, leaving Willie on the verge of hysterics, says the New York Sun.

Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay Fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo river, West Africa. Its cures are wonderful. Others, Rev. J. W. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of asthma of 50 years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Chute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay Fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cases are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of The Blade who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Women Patentees Increasing.

Since August last there have been one hundred and ninety patents granted to women, nearly one for every working day, and an increase of nearly forty per cent over the year previous. This indicates that woman not only possesses inventive ability but that she is utilizing it. Of the various avenues that have opened up to women within the last decade, that of the free exercise of her inventive talents would seem to be entirely congenial as well as holding an equal promise of wealth and distinction. In the vast line of appliances which come within the scope of her household labor, as well as of kitchen for the personal use of herself and children, there is ample field for the exercise of her ingenuity and effort to secure the exclusive right to profit by her brain power. Time was when any such departure from the old stereotyped beaten track marked out by custom would have been deemed presumptuous, but in her steady advance she has, by sheer force of character and individuality, disarmed criticism, and to every position which she has aspired she has lent a dignity and force of character that was an unmistakable prelude to still further attainments.—Woman's Journal.

Plain Issue.

"This is a campaign which puts every citizen on his mettle."

"That's just it! It is a metallic campaign all through."—Philadelphia North American.

A TOAST.

May each heart be to-night, like the goblet I hold,
Overflowed by the joy it encloses.
May the warm lips of love kiss its margin of gold,
Where the soul of the sunbeam reposes.

'Twas the warm breath of dawn that intinctured this wine,
Where the light-loving mountains acquired it.
On her dew gleaming bosom earth nourished the vine,
And the sun gave it light and inspired it.

Press this emblem of youth to the pale lips of time,
He will smile on his way as he passes;
He will quaff till his lips beat the moments in rhyme,
And the sands dream away through his glasses.

May its fragrance exhale like the breath of the roses,
Lightly stirred by the wings of our laughter,
For in its hope-tinted dreams the despondent reposes,
On the breast of a brighter hereafter.

May the languishing eye tell its eloquent tale,
O'er its brink brimming over with gladness,
For it heeds must be broken its waves will avail,
To efface the impression of sadness.

Let it sparkle in smiles or gleam gloried in tears—
Brightest spirit begotten of ages.
'Tis the beacon of verse in the volume of years,
That illumines the light of its pages.

Then hold it proudly on high; let its glories delight,
With its visions of deathless endeavor.
And join the hand that encircles this goblet to-night,
Hold the clasp of your friendship forever.
—Anon.

FOR AFTERNOON CALLING

**Simple Little Costume, Easily Made From a Pa

Talmage's Sermon.

CHANT OF THE STARS.

"Who Laid the Cornerstone When the Morning Stars Sang Together?"

Washington, Nov. 2.—The musical resources of all nations seem drawn upon by Dr. Talmage in his sermon to illustrate a most practical truth. His subject was: "The Chant of the Stars," and the text, Job xxxviii. 6, 7: "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum, or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, one or two hundred years after, the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scaffolded stones and timbers of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note book fluttered in the wind, and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the baritone, bass, tenor, contralto, and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a greater ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner-stone was a block of light, and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of clouds stood angelic choristers, unrolling their diapasons of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, declared this great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunlight and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken diapason, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians, and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and to get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discordant and righteousness harmonic; that in general, things are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarionet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgia and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight, and alert ear and easy respiration, and regular pulsation and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect is out of tune; the judgment wrongly swerved or the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune; only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune; labor and capital, their hands on each other's throats. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety about those to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and subterfuge and double-dealing, and sycophancy, and chalatanism, and revenge have for six thousand years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks, we have our national symbol, the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear, and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, the fabled winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war, and give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same street. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homœopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it the men who are turning him say: "Hush, my brother, we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet, while we close the service with—

> Blessed be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love."

The earth is diametered and circumferenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious, but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and deific! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and, before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host.

But the worst of all discord is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God! People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with his holiness, with his purity, with his love, with his commands, our will clashing with his will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute and cornet-a-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, the hautboy, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put concord to rack and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions, and emotion—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord.

The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave $225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another $625 to hear her in Boston, and another $650 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more have been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost one billion seven hundred million dollars, and the American civil war over nine and a half billion dollars, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about fifteen billion dollars. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner-stone is to resound again. Mozart's grandest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places where he was awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has also been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

In olden times the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument sightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instrument to make them correspond, and draw the bow over the string and listen, and sound it over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imperfect voices, earthstrings of the first Christmas night, when heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off, and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for his Almighty Spirit to attune us, to chord our will with His will, to modulate our life with His life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure and self-sacrificing and heavenly! The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and our bow is so slack it can not evoke anything melliluous. The instrument made for heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences wordly and demoniac. O master hand of Christ, restore this soul, and fractured and despoiled, and unstrung nature, until first it shall wail out for our sin and then thrill with divine pardon! The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in the Fairbanks weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they had never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 151,000

NO MORE THREE MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS AT TEN CENTS.

We hereby withdraw all announcements of the Weekly Blade three months for ten cents. The political campaign is over, and it is the season of the year for yearly subscriptions and renewals. The more than one hundred thousand regular subscribers to the Weekly Blade who appreciate a good newspaper, will forward renewal orders for another year as fast as their present terms expire; and we have invited thousands of three months' subscribers to join our ranks for one year on terms too favorable to decline. The promises we have made, that the Weekly Blade will be the best paper published for general circulation, will be more than fulfilled. We therefore ask all, old subscribers and new, to renew for one year. You will be benefited by keeping your membership with the Blade family. More interesting events will be unfolded during the next year than ever before in the history of our country, and The Blade will record everything in less space than the daily press. Don't fail to renew your subscription. You can not find a substitute for The Blade.

PROSPERITY COMING.

Free silver is defeated. What will follow?

First—The paralysis of trade and enterprise, due to the threat of a change to the silver standard, is now removed. There will be an immediate movement all along the line. Men are no longer afraid to risk their money in laying in stocks of goods, in new building enterprises, in a thousand avenues of activity. A business boom will begin at once.

The millions of gold which have been hoarded by timid people will speedily come out of its hiding-places. There is no longer any fear of the stability of our currency.

Millions of the money of European investors will at once seek profitable investment in American securities. A boom in stocks is therefore coming, and millions more will be invested in manufacturing, and mining, and other industrial enterprises.

All this means a return of general prosperity. And it will be prosperity for the whole people. The farmers will prosper, not only because of the recent rise in grain—which has not yet reached its limit—but because of the increased purchasing power of the great consuming class, due to the increased demand for labor, and the activity in all lines of industry and trade.

The boom will begin before President McKinley takes his seat. Every acute man of affairs discounts the future in his business so soon as what the future will bring resolves itself into certainty. Every one understands what the policy of the new Republican administration will be. Certainty takes the place of doubt, and the future, for four years, is bound to be one of marvelous prosperity to the United States.

MAINE AND "GOV. KENT."

Maine "went" for McKinley and sound money by —etically as great a majority as she did in October, and the old couplet will again be brought into requisition:

"Maine went,
Hell-bent,
For Governor Kent."

This old bit of campaign doggerel dates back from the October election of 1840. The majority for Kent, the Whig candidate, that year was a very insignificant one—we think not more than two or three hundred, and perhaps it was considerably less. This does not look very much like the 50,000 which Maine rolls up in 1896 for the Republican candidate.

But Maine had then been long a rock-ribbed Democratic state, and the Whigs were so elated that they carried it at all, that they went into great jubilation over the event. It was the beginning of William Pitt Fessenden's service in Congress, he being chosen from the district now Speaker Reed's, and it sent George Evans, one of the ablest Whig statesmen of the country, to the Senate. Maine and New Hampshire were then thought to be invulnerably Democratic.

It was a singular fact that, while Maine gave way, New Hampshire stood as strongly Democratic as usual in that year, being with Illinois the only Northern Democratic state that adhered to that party. Maine, however, went back to the Democrats the next year, and remained with them till the anti-slavery revolution was brought about; since she has remained reliably Republican, except in 1880, when Garcelon, the fusion candidate for governor of the Greenbackers and Democrats, won by a scratch, though the electoral vote of the state in November was given to Garfield.

After all the denials, Consul General Fitzhugh Lee is coming home from Havana. While he states that it is merely a visit home on personal business and pleasure, we may hazard a guess that there will be an important conference in Washington soon after his arrival, and that that part of the President's coming message which will deal with Cuban affairs will be largely shaped by the news that Gen. Lee brings with him.

How glad Mr. Bryan must be that he is not elected to an office for which he is totally unfitted; and in which he would have made a dire failure!

Wanted—Situation immediately as press agent of a theatrical troupe. Address W. J. B., Lincoln, Neb.

"Coercion" did it; the coercion of reason and common sense.

Will Bryan make a tour of the dime museums this winter?

The American people prefer the cross of gold, Mr. Bryan.

Tillman has evidently broken the tines of that pitchfork.

Mr. Bryan has only his egotism left.

THE RIGHT TRIUMPHS!

McKinley is elected!

Again the American people have demonstrated the fact that their heads are clear, their hearts right. They are not repudiators nor cheats; they believe in honest money, and look to the triumph of that cause at the polls, and the reinstatement of the policy of protection and reciprocity, to bring a restoration of confidence to our finances and a return of prosperity to the nation.

The tremendous conspiracy of the Silver Trust and its demagogic agents in every state to mislead the voters by false promises of prosperity through a debasement of the nation's currency, has failed utterly and completely.

It was a most dangerous movement. The intricacies of the issue thus presented were not understood by the masses of the people. Hence the fallacious theories and specious arguments of the silver cabal, plausible as they were, drew thousands to their support. The West, for years misled and confused by the wild crusade of the Populists, joined the silver crusade.

Then the Chicago convention of the Democratic party was captured by the Populistic element, and Bryan, a man without national reputation, possessing no special qualification save a nimble tongue, was nominated for the Presidency—and nominated because of a clever demagogic speech.

Then the sober sense of the people was roused to the danger menacing the republic. At once there began a "campaign of education," the like of which was never before seen. The wondrous spectacle was witnessed of millions of voters voluntarily becoming students, eager to learn the truth concerning the question which they were called upon to decide at the ballot-box.

The only danger then lay in the capacity of the people to master the question, and thus be enabled to reach a correct conclusion. The verdict just rendered proves their capacity for self-government. They saw the sophistry of the silver cause, and set the seal of their emphatic condemnation upon it.

The silver craze has gone to join its sister fad, the greenback heresy. Twice within a generation has the nation been called upon to rebuke a shameless scheme of robbery and repudiation, and on each occasion its voice has been unmistakable. The American people are honest. They are not repudiators. They will not knowingly vote for the degradation of the currency, either by the issue of irredeemable paper, or the coining of half-value dollars.

Every legitimate business interest in the whole country was menaced by the great silver conspiracy. The absolute stagnation of trade for the past three months is now removed, and a revival will at once set in. The hard times will pass away with the defeat of the silver lunacy, and the nation enter upon an era of prosperity and progress. Laus Deo!

THE NEXT CONGRES.

The next House of Representatives is safely Republican. At this writing, it is certain that the Republicans have elected 200 Representatives, the Popocrats 59, the Populists 15, and the sound money Democrats 4. It seems reasonably certain that the Republicans have elected fully 248 members of the next House, which gives that body a good working Republican majority. The chairman of the Republican congressional committee wires The Blade: "There will be a Republican majority of fully 100 in the next House."

President McKinley will thus have a House in full sympathy with the policy upon which he was elected, and the people may rest assured that the deficit-producing Wilson bill now has its days numbered. Protection, reciprocity, and an honest financial system will inaugurate an era of prosperity such as the country has not seen since a Republican executive last sat in the Presidential chair.

THE PRESS AND BRYAN.

One of the remarkable features of the Presidential campaign this year was the attitude of the great newspapers. Never before did we have a national campaign wherein one of the two great parties received so little support from the press as the Popocrats did this year. All of the great independent dailies opposed Bryan. Throughout the entire East, all of the old-established and influential Democratic newspapers opposed him most energetically. In New York city but one of the great dailies supported him, and that is owned by a silver baron; in Chicago not one of the leading dailies but opposed him.

In Michigan, the organ of the Democracy—the Detroit Free Press—opposed Bryan, and the same thing was true in Minnesota. In the South the same state of things occurred. The Louisville Courier-Journal, the most prominent Democratic daily in that section, did yeoman service against Popocracy. So did the chief party organ in Texas—the Galveston-Dallas News—and the paper holding the same position in Alabama—the Montgomery Advertiser. And of other Southern Democratic papers, many gave Bryan merely nominal support, condemning severely the campaign methods used. The Florida Citizen, for example, remarked that "the effort to make the present political campaign one of the poor against the rich, and to cause the South, and the West to combine against the East, is one that no wise man in the South can approve." The Mobile Register went so far as to say that it believes Bryan's policy would ruin the country, but that it does not believe he would carry out his policy if he should be elected.

The Cuban forces are very active just now attacking the Spanish forces at unexpected places, and, after inflicting all the damage possible, retiring with speed. This mode of warfare gives color to the report that President Cleveland has notified the Spanish government that if the revolution is not suppressed by Jan. 1 next, he will recognize the Cuban republic. The mere report that the President had put a premium on the suppression of liberty has had the effect of rendering the struggle more bitter and bloody than ever before. No friend of liberty would name such conditions, but would rather make decision in favor of a struggling people at an opportune time.

Tom Watson's letter of acceptance was "the letter that never came."

Men! Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

ALTGELD DEFEATED.

Not the least important result of the election was the decisive defeat of Altgeld for governor of Illinois. He stands before the nation the embodiment of antagonism to the national government, and to the Supreme Court, the tribunal of last resort in the nation. His political tendencies are anarchistic. He is the foe of the very foundations of government, the yielding of individual rights to the controlling power—the one thing which makes civilization possible.

Altgeld has a consuming desire for power. He desires office, not so much for its emoluments or honors as for the authority it confers to exercise dominion. He is a born tyrant. Had he lived in the days of the decadence of the Roman empire, he would have reached the imperial purple through the murder of the occupant of the throne at the hands of his paid mercenaries.

Though Altgeld was one of the ruling spirits of the Chicago convention which nominated Bryan, and one of the confidential advisers of that gentleman's chase after the Presidency, he was not loyal. Two weeks ago, he realized that the tide was against Bryan, and immediately sought to save himself by sacrificing Bryan's chances in Illinois. But both went down in the wreck together. It is an honor to the voters of Illinois that they have thus redeemed themselves from the shame of having an anarchist for governor. He should be permanently retired from official life. His principles are not consonant with our system of government.

OUR REVENUE QUESTION.

The next question to confront the people of the United States is this: Shall the government have revenue enough to pay all its legitimate expenses, or shall we continue the policy of inadequate revenue, and of running into debt to pay our current expenditures? This question is one which Congress must face at the December session.

The present tariff law—the Wilson-Gorman abomination—has been a dire failure as a revenue producer. The first three fiscal years of the Cleveland administration, the first of which was marked by a panic due to the threat of tariff smashing, which caused a deficit, and the two latter of which showed deficits due to the Wilson law's inadequacy, have shown up the following deficiencies:

Year ending June 30, 1894.....	$69,803,261
Year ending June 30, 1895.....	42,805,223
Year ending June 30, 1896.....	26,042,244

The friends of the administration stoutly averred that the Wilson tariff, "when it got fairly to work," would produce ample revenue; but we all know how that prediction has been falsified. It is two years since that law was enacted, yet the government's receipts are running behind the expenditures more rapidly than ever. The following table shows the condition of things from the beginning of the present fiscal year up to the present month:

RECEIPTS.

Customs	$42,947,293
Internal revenue	46,668,133
Miscellaneous	6,907,170
Total	$96,492,598

EXPENDITURES.

Civil and miscellaneous	$ 36,205,583
War	17,088,043
Navy	11,638,443
Indians	3,869,814
Pensions	43,821,790
Interest	15,090,003
Total	$127,710,679
Excess of expenditures	31,218,081

If this rate of creating a deficit keeps up through the remainder of the present fiscal year, the shortage will be over $100,000,000 in this twelvemonth alone. As it is, the total deficiency since July 1, 1893, now amounts to $169,868,809.

Are we to drift into bankruptcy? Is Congress not willing to put Uncle Sam into the way of paying as he goes, in place of running into debt month by month, like a spendthrift?

UPLIFTING THE NEGRO.

Booker T. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, is doing, through that institution, the most practical work for the uplifting of the negro race which has been done since the war. The Blade has just received the fifteenth annual report of the institute. It is a document which merits the attention of all who realize the magnitude of the problem which our negro population presents. In the fifteen years of the school's existence twenty-five industrial departments have been created, and at the present time there are nearly a thousand students, young men and women, in attendance upon its daily sessions. Mr. Washington has the right idea about the education of the negroes of the South. He realizes that they must be taught to work with their hands as well as with their heads, and that nothing is so certain to lift them out of their forlorn condition of need and dependence as the ability to earn a living by skilled manual labor. He says:

> The past history and present environment of the negro, lead him, too often, to imitate the white man at certain superficial points, without stopping to count the steps, the years, that it has taken the white man to reach his present position, or note the foundation upon which his position rests. The colored woman who married a short time since clad in a silk gown and white slippers, and with an expenditure of $50 for a wedding feast, and at the same time living in a small, rented log cabin, with a mortgage on the crop, presents an example of what I mean. Right here comes in the value of industrial education combined with first-class literary training. It has a modifying, sobering influence, resulting in teaching the colored youth that the road to the highest permanent success and development is by slow gradations, and nature permits of no reversal of the process.

Tuskegee Institute has 867 students, and besides this exercises a fostering supervision over several smaller schools, with aims similar to its own and conducted by its graduates. By both precept and example the colored man is taught that industry and frugality on the first steps he must take to become prosperous and respected. He learns that to be self-supporting and self-respecting are better than to run after mere ostentation, and that all persons, no matter what their color, who possess the solid qualities which go to make up the industrious and honest citizen, command their due measure of esteem, no matter how humble their avocations. Mr. Washington is doing a noble work, which could be largely extended were the financial resources of his school larger. The work Tuskegee Institute is doing is worthy the liberal aid of all who feel an interest in the uplifting of the colored race.

Spain is in a serious quandary over the renewal of trouble in the Philippine Islands. This continuation of that insurrection means an increased demand for soldiers to put it down. How long this drain on the resources of the kingdom is to continue is a question of great and pertinent interest. With the Cuban revolt as threatening as ever and rebellion rife in her eastern colony, Spain's ministers must be in a state of perpetual worry and apprehension. At the beginning of the Cuban troubles a year ago last February, the Spanish finances were by no means in a satisfactory condition. Now they are far worse, and the outlook is good for a long-continued draft upon the treasury. If the revolt in the Philippines is not quickly put down, the day of Cuban freedom may be materially hastened.

A LIFE WORK COMPLETED.

Herbert Spencer announces that his forthcoming volume, "The Principles of Sociology," which will appear some time during the coming month, he will complete his life work. It is thirty-six years since his first book appeared in print; and it was the result of years of study and patient investigation. That initial volume was his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," which appeared in 1860. It first applied the doctrine of evolution to man and society. It was a bold idea, and required an immense amount of research, and a basis of deep learning.

Mr. Spencer has, in the span of his lifetime, with extraordinary perseverance and ability, performed this task; and, as evolution as an explanation of the universe has gained ground and become the accepted scientific hypothesis of our day, his work has grown in importance, so that he is at present the one philosophical expositor of a great modern method and principle of science. Whatever one's attitude toward his philosophy, it is impossible not to admire and respect a scholar who has accomplished what he has, in spite of poor health and narrow means and after thirty-six years of noble toil.

His reward is not in money, but in the fame which comes to him as the pioneer in a new path of truth. He may have made errors, but he has opened up a new line of thought and investigation for future explorers to pursue. A great man now, Herbert Spencer is likely to be reckoned a still greater one in the twentieth century, when his work can be viewed in its entirety in the proper perspective and its full significance in relation to our age perceived. His blameless character is also a pleasing element in the admiration aroused by this completion of a life work which, in scope, nature and importance, places him with the few dominant philosophical thinkers of the English race. He will be honored and revered as a man who did not fear to pursue what he believed to be the truth—an ascription which will be of greater honor in years to come than it has been in the past.

It is altogether likely that President Cleveland will select Secretary Herbert or Postmaster-General Wilson for the vacant chief justiceship of the court of Claims. Neither of them is of any particular fame as a jurist, but there are only a few cuckoos left from among whom Cleveland can make selections.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

By this time practically all the evidence bearing on the Venezuelan boundary dispute is in the possession of the commission which is in session at Washington. Professor Barr has brought over the results of his researches in Holland and England, and on Wednesday of last week the commission received from the governor of British Guiana a blue book dealing with the history of the boundary question, which is understood to complete the British case. The volume deals with the area of jurisdiction of the government of British Guiana, the posts and postholders, Indian captains, the Indian protectorate, the watershed of the Essequibo, and the Pomaroon district. This is the sixth volume which has been submitted in support of the British contention. As has already been stated, the understanding is that the commission will be ready to report about the time Congress convenes in December. It will, at that rate, have about a month to canvass the evidence on both sides and reach a final conclusion.

At present, according to Chief Constructor Hichborn's annual report, there are one hundred and ten vessels in the navy, of which thirty are armored, including eight battle ships, two cruisers, one ram, six double-turreted monitors, all of which are in active service, prepared for all offensive or defensive operations, and thirteen single-turret monitors, which might be utilized in the harbors in which they now lie. Three other armored battle ships are now under construction. There are twenty-five new steel cruisers also in commission, in addition to the three special class vessels of the new navy—the Bancroft, Dolphin and Vesuvius. These are unarmored, as are the sixteen iron and wooden cruisers and six wooden sailing vessels still carried on the lists. Three torpedo boats are in use and fifteen under contract. The other vessels building are six gunboats, one submarine boat and fifteen torpedo boats.

The only new vessels which Congress is asked to authorize are two composite sailing vessels of 1,100 tons, costing $500,000, as practice cruisers for the Naval Academy, to take the place of the Bancroft. The recommendation for the construction of these vessels is not intended to conflict with the recommendation for three additional battle ships which Secretary Herbert is expected to make in his annual report. During the fiscal year nine vessels—the Indiana, Massachusetts, Oregon, Maine, Texas, Terror, Monadnock, Katahdin and Ericsson—were added to the effective force of the navy, and during the current year the Brooklyn, Iowa, Nashville, Wilmington, Helena, Puritan, six gunboats, seven torpedo boats and one tug are to be added. It appears that the naval stations and docks at Port Royal, S. C., and Port Orchard, Wash., cannot be properly utilized without the erection of shops, for which authority is asked. The major part of the report is devoted to exposing the shortcomings of the reserve supply system.

In reference to the sealing question, to which attention has been recently directed anew, it is reported from Washington that the United States will have the support of both Russia and Japan in an effort to establish adequate protection for the fur seals of the North Pacific ocean. As has been already announced, a Russian official of distinction is here to endeavor to secure the adoption of a new treaty aimed at the regulation of the industry. The suggestion has been made that while Russia owned Alaska and the seal islands now attached to the United States there was complete protection to the seals, and that the destruction began under American management. The policy of Russia continues to be to protect the seals on the Russian islands of the North Pacific, and there will be full co-operation with the United States in any plan of seal protection, and is desirous, also, of including sea otters, which are being exterminated from the Japanese islands. The co-operation of Japan is said to be of much importance to the United States, as the seal poachers and pirates have fitted out mainly at Japanese ports. A large trade with them has been built up at Yokohama and Nagasaki. Notwithstanding this, Japan feels it to her interest to suppress the pirating.

In the opinion of the board of overseers, the time has come when the student who wishes to enter Harvard College must be able to write English grammatically and with a reasonable facility of expression. This is the outcome of the recent investigations into the kind of English now usually written by candidates for admission. The preparatory schools have protested, in some cases, against being held to account in this matter, but surely there is no other place where boys can so properly be taught this elementary part of an education. It remains to be seen whether the opinion of the overseers will have the weight it ought to have. Something is clearly wrong with a system of intellectual training which leaves the object of it illiterate.

The curious discovery is announced that the little lamp of the firefly emits X rays. The circumstance suggests to naturalists uncommonly interesting queries. They are whether the rays are directly adapted to the eyes of a number of insects, and, if so, what do insects see, and can the rays be used directly by men? It is safe to anticipate a lively investigation along these lines, and practical science thus discovers another avenue on which to march in triumph. There has been an inclination, in looking over the scientific progress of the nineteenth century, to think, while measuring its vastness with amazement, that the end must be very near, that the twentieth century cannot do so well; and yet, in these closing years of the nineteenth, there is no suggestion of exhaustion; the visible new avenues for research were never more numerous, never so promising, before, nor did scientific enthusiasm ever run so high as now. By means of electricity alone the twentieth century may work a mechanical revolution.

It is now discovered that there is some degree of danger attending the use of the X ray. Employed within certain limits, it promises to be a valuable aid to surgery and medicine, as well as applicable to a variety of technical purposes. It has been asserted by Nikola Tesla, as well as other eminent electricians, that the penetrative power of the rays is due to an excitation of minute particles of matter, and that, while a single or even several exposures may not be attended with deleterious results, the effect ultimately is inimical to the human organization. A Massachusetts man, George L. Newcombe, after taking a number of exposures of his hand, found that every hair fell out, and that the skin turned a dark purplish brown, and later peeled off as if it had been burned. There is need of considerable painstaking investigation before this mysterious penetrating power of light is utilized to any extent in surgery and therapeutics.

The San Francisco Post is exercised because the secretary of war has transferred the artillery force which occupied the Presidio to Angel Island, and sent a force of infantry to the fort. It protests that by this action guns and fortifications that cost the government $3,000,000 are in the hands of men who are unable to properly make use of them. The quartering of an infantry force in a fort provided with heavy siege guns is an anomaly that naturally excites attention, but there is no ground for fear that the handlers or small arms may find themselves in need of using the big guns which they are unable to handle. With the existing transportation facilities, an artillery force could quickly be sent to the Presidio in the event of trouble.

The army transfer mentioned is interesting, however, as it shows how utterly useless are the fortifications now in existence, and comments strongly against the policy of spending millions for the construction of great forts and heavy siege guns to guard our coasts and seaports against imaginary enemies. With several coast defense ships on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and with small torpedo fleeets to supplement them, a hostile fleet would find our seacoasts too hot for its comfort. Besides, land defenses can be thrown up hurriedly, and made fully as efficient as huge forts representing vast outlays of money.

The saying, "In time of peace prepare for war," is applicable to the United States only to the extent of advising the cultivation of a condition of preparedness by militia enterprise and military drill. There is no reason why the United States should enter the race of the foreign powers for the first place in point of visible military and naval strength.

Wall street was much excited the other day by a dispatch from Washington to the effect that Cleveland would at once recognize the Cuban republic. The identity of the person sending it, for the obvious purpose of depressing the stock market has not yet been discovered, but no efforts ought to be spared to run down the perpetrator of the fraud and make him suffer for his tactics. There are precedents for dealing summarily with his kind. During the war Joseph Howard promulgated a bogus proclamation from Washington calling for 300,000 more troops, and thereby advancing the premium on gold heavily. In recognition of that performance the perpetrator spent some time in a government fortress. This Cuban war dispatch was not a forgery, as the proclamation was, but it was the same sort of a trick, and it was undertaken for the same purpose. An example ought to be made of its author.

The subject of a new adjustment of China's tariff rates, which was somewhat discussed at the time of Viceroy Li's visit to Washington, is again brought to attention by the memorandum just filed with Secretary Olney by the Chinese minister. The real cause of the troubles which have led to this request from the Chinese government is, of course, the cheapness of silver. Receiving taxes in a metal of constantly diminishing value, while paying interest on foreign obligations in gold, the government has suffered the same embarrassments as the Indian government before the suspension of free coinage. The Chinese plan of relief is to require the payment of customs duties on the gold basis, and the matter is of interest in the United States just now mainly as one more illustration of the disadvantages of a depreciating currency.

A New South Wales weather observer, likewise student of history, named H. C. Russell, announces as a result of his careful research that drouths occur periodically, that their period is every nineteen years. He states that of 208 drouths recorded since the year 960 all but fifteen conform to his theory, which is that there are every nineteen years one long period of three years during which the rainfall is somewhat deficient, and a shorter period between each of the long periods when the deficiency is excessive. He even finds a confirmation of the Bible chronology in the fact that the dates of the Egyptian drouth in Joseph's time, the drouth during King David's reign, that foretold by Elijah and that predicted by Elisha all fall into the nineteen-year period. If Mr. Russell can make people believe his theory he will have succeeded in dealing a severe blow upon the American advocate of forestry.

The two definite acts by which Turkey has secured the lives in that country of the Armenian wives and children of naturalized Americans, and of all Armenians naturalized in the United States who may travel in the Sultan's dominions, have both been done under the gently but firmly persuasive influence of the American warships at Smyrna. When one thinks how unwilling the Grand Turk would be to see the Bancroft enter the Dardanelles, it seems a pity that so many wrongs in that part of the world need righting and yet are not to be allowed redress at our hands.

Lord Rosebery's recent speech at Edinburgh showed clearly that the British government is not going to interfere to protect the Armenians. Recapitulating the terms of the convention of Cyprus, which Mr. Gladstone holds to be the strongest obligation of England in the matter, Lord Rosebery says that neither the first nor the second clause has been carried out. He then quotes the third, relating to the English occupation of Cyprus, humorously reminding his auditors that it has been carried out to the letter. But inasmuch as this clause is the only one that has been maintained by either party, he holds England to be absolved from her compact to see that reforms were instituted in the Christian provinces of Turkey. Furthermore, he said, and it is but just to his audience to say that he was interrupted with cries of "Shame," that he did not believe that any party to that convention had intended to fulfill its provisions at the time they were agreed upon.

The revelations of Prince Bismark's organ, the Hamburger Nachrichten, have excited indignation and amazement throughout Europe, and it is interesting to read the spirited comments of the French and German press on the startling facts so indiscreetly disclosed. The substance of the revelations is that during the last years of Bismarck's tenure of office there existed a secret Russo-German alliance and a formal treaty assuring the neutrality of Russia in the event of a Franco-German war. Of course such a treaty was an act of perfidy and treachery toward the other members of the triple alliance, and their shock must be severe enough to imperil the further existence of this alliance.

There is no reason to doubt the truth of the disclosures. The official German press does not challenge them except in regard to unimportant details. Prince Bismarck is rebuked and scolded for instigating the publication of important diplomatic secrets, and the intimation is made that the imperial government will decline to clear up the matter and neither correct what is erroneous nor supply what is incomplete. In a matter of this kind details are of no significance whatever. The fact remains that Germany was guilty of duplicity and treachery to Austria and Italy. Austria entered the triple alliance with the understanding that she would be aided in her rivalry with Russia against Turkey, and now she discovers that there was total failure of consideration on the part of Germany; that the contract was extremely unfair, one-sided and fraudulent. There is no international court of justice before which Germany can be cited and sued for heavy damages for gross and deliberate breach of a solemn agreement, but the world at large is catching an interesting glimpse of the true inwardness of European diplomacy.

It may be said that Bismarck was actuated by patriotic motives, and there is no reason to question this. He wished to make assurance doubly sure, and acted on the principle that safety is better than honor. But this view will hardly satisfy the other parties to the broken contract. They find themselves betrayed, cheated, humiliated, humbugged.

Having thus laid bare to the candid eye of his hearers his own estimate of the claims of national honor, Lord Rosebery proceeded to give them a few reasons of expediency for keeping out of the Armenian broil. He drew a lively picture of the horrors of war an Englishmen have known it within a generation. Then he reminded them of the new responsibilities they had been assuming during the last twenty years. "For the last twenty years, still more during the last twelve, you have been laying your hands on every tract of territory adjacent to your own, or desirable from any point of view which you thought it desirable to take." Because of this rapidly acquired empire, whose accession Lord Rosebery so frankly describes with, it must be confessed, no cant about "civilization and Christianization," the English people are debarred from taking any active part in the case of Armenia. They have obtained, by more or less questionable means, a mass of property twenty-two times as great in area as that of their United Kingdom. They must take care of that, and they must not further antagonize the nations whom they have already embittered by these acquisitive methods. This, in plain English, is Lord Rosebery's reason for continued inaction in the Armenian matter. It may be the "rational" one, but it is brutally cynical.

The rumors from the far East that Japan has designs upon the Philippines confirm previous reports. Ever since the revolt against Spanish authority broke out in the islands it has been suspected that the Land of the Rising Sun had something to do with the uprising. Now it is said that Japanese expeditions have contributed to the success of the rebels at Manila, though it is not asserted that the government at Tokio is concerned in the matter. Perhaps private citizens of Japan have interested themselves in the revolt, hopeful that Spanish rule may in this way be brought to an end and that Japan may step in and annex the colony. It has been long understood that the Mikado's ministers would like to extend their dominion farther south, and it cannot be denied that Japan is in a better position to conduct the affairs of the Philippines than Spain. Proximity counts for much in such a case.

While the loss of life in the battles between the Spanish and Cubans has not been very great, the destruction of property resulting from the hostilities has been very extensive. There were about four hundred sugar estates on the island when the war broke out a year ago last February, and of these nearly one-quarter are now in ruins. Such a waste of valuable property is most regretable. Every ruined estate adds to the burden under which Cuba will rest when the end of hostilities eventually comes, no matter whether Spanish rule is continued or Cuban independence proclaimed. And to this loss of property must be added the loss of life by disease. Thousands of Spanish soldiers have been carried off by fever and thousands more will share the fate of their comrades if the war is prolonged. Every humane consideration demands the early cessation of the costly struggle.

LITTLE NUGGETS.

Modern Philosophy Compiled and Paraphrased From the Late Books.

It is not and axiom that wealth is happiness. The poor spread such a report, but the rich know it to be false.

Yes is so much easier to pronounce than No. No necessitates a discussion. Yes ends the matter and economizes words and time.

The right person's silence is worth more for companionship than the wisest talk in the world from anybody else.

Purity appeals to the sentiment of a man but does not touch his sympathy. Purity itself is too unsympathetic; it has no past.

Love comes to a man through his senses—to a woman through her imagination.

When a man suspects that his God is not taking him seriously he changes his religion.

You may know a man for twenty years and in the twenty-first he will do something which will make your twenty years' experience count for naught.

A person with a character one can swear by is useful, but just a shade monotonous. Lord! Lord! what a charm there is in variety.

Is it not possible that the five wise virgins may have lived to envy the five foolish ones?

You may know a tree by its fruit, but certainly not men and women by their actions.

Only very dangerous people tell the truth about themselves. The wise try to tell it about other people; the discreet avoid it altogether.

It rests with women, more than with all the preachers, to roll this world a little nearer heaven.

MAC.

HOME SCIENCE.

A fair article of molasses can be made from the stalks of the common maize.

Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stages of animal life.

From figures recently published at Munich it appears that there are now in central Europe 15,644 gas engines which aggregate 52,694 horse power.

The slowest breeders of all known animals, a pair of elephants would become the progenitors of 19,000,000 elephants in 750 years, if death did not interfere.

The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children, but as age comes on the blood vessels in the bones are almost filled by the deposition of matter.

A remarkable discovery was recently made in the Assiout necropolis in Egypt. Among the objects found was a whole company of wooden soldiers fifteen inches in height. The soldiers carry lances and give a good idea of their equipment in the Pharaohs' time.—Popular Science.

WHY HE FLED.

Dusty Dawkins—"What's yer turnin' back fer, Fraider?"
Fraider Waters—"Gosh—gittin' too near Watertown, New York."

Copyright.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

If you have a spare window in a cool room try growing petunias. Take up small garden plants before they are frost-bitten, pot them in good earth, and trim them, removing all buds. Place them in a cool room with plenty of sunlight and keep well watered. Before many weeks one will be amply repaid for her trouble.

In this season of pickling, when many onions are used, it will be much more comfortable work if this vegetable is peeled and sliced under water. Hold in the lap a large bowl filled with clear water and work with the hands under water. Onions done in this manner will not cause tears or stained fingers.

After each meal a house should be aired, if but for five minutes. One remaining in the house does not notice the close heavy air, but a guest coming in will be unpleasantly impressed as he enters the door.

A handsome and new form of decoration for a harvest dance or festival is double festoons composed of various kinds of fruits, nuts, and small vegetables. They are fastened to a small wire which can be bent in graceful shapes to please the eye, and the rich and varied coloring gives a beautiful picture.

Spots on clothing that have been caused by the colors being taken out by acids may be obliterated often by first applying ammonia and after it chloroform.

If the whites of eggs do not beat to a froth readily add a pinch of salt and place in the refrigerator until they are thoroughly cold; then they should beat light very quickly.

It is said that if the juice of the pokeweed berries is sprinkled upon pure white blossoms, like the snowdrop, lily of the valley, or hyacinth, it will change them to a beautiful red.

The tedious work of drawing threads in linen for hemstitching is done with greater ease if the fabric is soaped. Make a dry lather and apply over the space with a shaving brush, and when the linen is dry the threads will pull out much more readily.

An old housewife says that codfish skins can be used as a good substitute for egg in settling coffee. To prepare it for use, scrape the outside of the skin and pick off the fish flesh from the other side. Then rinse the skin in cold water, cut it into pieces one inch and a half square and dry them. One piece of this size is sufficient to settle coffee enough for six persons.

In garnishing dishes great care should be taken not to overdo the matter. Too much decoration tends to injure rather than improve the appearance of a dish.

BRILLIANTS

OF ENTERTAINING AGENTS.

Happy they
Who Angels entertain; thus happy I.
But what when the Angels come to go away?
How does one say good-by?
—Torquil MacLeod.

OURSELVES AND NOT THE TIMES.

("The times are out of joint.")

"The days go by so peacefully," one said;
Ah, true! I thought, the days are all the same,
They come and go, with noiseless, equal tread;
'T is our untamed, unsatisfied own selves,
Longing for what we must not, cannot have,
Our grieving hearts, and struggling, restless minds
That make each day a battle and defeat
And every night of rest old victories gain.
—Nelly Colfax Smith.

THE WILLOW-HERB.

The wise Tzar Essevitch, who read so well
The Mystic Book, one day plucked by his gate
The willow-herb; and while the people rate
Before him, these the words that from him fell:
"As first 'mong stones is the white Latyr-stone,
For that He stood on it, and spake; as first
Among all trees the willow, since his years
Were ended on the cross was from it grown;
So this, 'mong herbs, is first, it upward bursts,
Pitying his mother, wakened by her tears."
—John Vance Cheney.

THE FALL CRICKET.

Strong pulse of autumn's full maturity,
I hear thy throbbing beat as evening glooms
Down over the field and roadside, hill and lane,
And o'er me steals a sense of richer life—
The impress of the year's intensity.
The heart of mother Nature beats in time
With these her slightest creatures, and the joy
Of all earth's perfect ripeness steals in waves
Upon the waiting strand of human souls.
—C.

THE STRANGER.

Out from his far-away home
Came Music and lost his way,
Found him upon our earth,
Tarried to rest a day.

Wanderer gayly he sang
Awhile, but a mortal grim,
Hearing the wondrous lay,
Chained and imprisoned him.

Far from his beautiful land
He pines on our planet gray,
Singing, though sweet his song,
Hopeless and sad always.
—Marian Seward in the Boston Transcript.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

Geographies of the future, instead of relating the story of the Gulf of Mexico and its wonderful gulf stream, will tell of all this as a mere tradition and point to the swamps in that locality as the result of years of gradual accumulation of earthy matter in the space between North and South America. The Mississippi and other United States rivers are all the time carrying immense quantities of sediment down to the Gulf states, which serve as barriers to hold the deposits within the waters of the gulf. The Mississippi alone annually deposits mud sufficient to cover one square mile of the bottom to the thickness of 240 feet.

Coltsfoot, or the common lettuce, is a slight narcotic, and it is suspected that the gentle plant was utilized by the ancients as a weed for smoking. Dioscorides and Pliny are the authorities for the statement that the old-time Greek and Roman found comfort in smoking the dried leaves of the coltsfoot through a dried reed or an 'elphin' pipe to relieve them from coughs and colds. Fragments of the ancient pipes have been found in Britain, which are supposed to have consoled the weary legionaries through their long and monotonous watches on the cold, dreary isle.

The prince of Monaco, on a recent tour on his yacht, discovered at the Azores a submarine bank or reef thirty-five miles in circumference, with a depth of water above it not exceeding 600 feet. The reef is situated about twenty-five miles west of the islands. The Azores are generally surrounded by great ocean depths from 6,000 to 9,000 feet. The islanders export fish on the reef extensively as a profitable fishing ground.

There is a stone found along the upper Snake river which has been used to some extent for building purposes. When first quarried it is soft and yielding and can be sawed into blocks of the required size. It is so light that a man can lift a yard cube block of it. It will not stand fire, but it becomes very hard after it has been exposed to the weather. It is in three colors—gray, white and pink.

Chinese women in Sydney are cheap. One can be had for $100 and two for $180, delivered in your residence. It is cheaper to deliver two than one they are imported in couples. When they arrive the best one is sold for $100 and the other is put up at private auction and brings what she may.

The hottest city in the world is Calcutta, where the mean annual temperature is 82.4. The coldest inhabited place in the world is Tobolsk, Russia, where there is a mean annual temperature of 32. The average temperature of St. Petersburg is 39

Publishers' Column.

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES.

Some months ago, after supplying our readers several thousand good watches at wholesale prices, we discontinued the offer. For a few weeks we shall offer the following small list much below our former prices, owing to reduction of certain grades by the manufacturer. A couple will be recognized as standard watches of our former list. The others are good grades at reduced prices.

Elgin or Waltham, Men's Size, $4.75.

No. 4 is a men's size, Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is a combination of silver and nickel, and will wear just like solid silver. It is open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass so heavy as to withstand any strain.

The usual price of this watch is $8. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $4.75.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $20.00.

No. 15.—The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where several processes are handed down from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14k. United States assay, handsomely engraved. This watch is a stem winder and setter and hunting case. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $20.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $15.

No. 16.—The works of No. 16 are the same as No. 15, but the case is gold filled, 14k., guaranteed to wear just like solid gold for 20 years. The joints, rings and parts exposed to unusual wear are solid gold. It is hunting case, and is handsomely engraved. Sent by registered mail, delivery guaranteed, for $15.

Gentlemen's Watches.

No. 200.—Solid gold 40 dwt. hunting case with Elgin or Waltham works, 18 size, 14 karat, and guaranteed timekeeper, sent by registered mail to any part of the United States for $23.50.

No. 201—Gold filled Elgin or Waltham watch, 18 size, open face case, guaranteed for 15 years. The movement or works contain seven jewels. This watch will be sent to any subscriber of The Blade in perfect order, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

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Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 100,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person who will send a club of one is one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, free of charge. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time or sending us one dollar subscriber. Try one of them when you renew.

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Battle of Hampton Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Trafalgar.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Fox Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Buena Vista, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
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We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

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They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
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½ dozen table knives	2 25
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Please are binds in only the one pattern. They are neat in appearance, and can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

A CASE OF ENVY.

He leads a dog's life, so they say,
But should he have my pity?
Some dogs I know lead happy lives,
Right here in this big city.

For instance, there's that little pug
That Kate is always petting,
How happy I should be to have
What he is always getting.

I envy him, I frankly own.
His life Pete surely blesses,
It must be fine to be a dog
And have sweet Kate's caresses.

—Somerville Journal.

What Caused It.

Missionary (Pacific Islands)—"What is the matter with that man?"

Native Doctor—"He hafa vata you calla delerium tremens."

"My! my! The por fellow must have eaten a Kentuckian."—New York Weekly.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

NO. 6816, GIRLS' GUIMP—NO. 6887, GIRLS' CORSELET SKIRT.

This novel and attractive little costume is developed in garnet zibeline, the guimpe being of plaid in rich dark tones of garnet, green and gold. Bands of garnet velvet and cream lace at the throat and wrists provide a neat finish.

The corselet is shaped by seams to the waist line, below which the material is laid

NO. 6816—GIRLS' GUIMPE.
NO. 6887—GIRLS' CORSELET SKIRT.

in deep underlying plaits that flare stylishly to the lower edge of skirt, displaying a single box-plait to each gore. The seams of the corselet are ornamented by single rows of tiny gilt buttons at each side, and the closing is in center-back.

The shaping of the guimpe is accomplished by shoulder and under-arm seams. Gathers at the neck and a casing with draw strings inserted at the waist line adjust the pretty fulness. The sleeves, mounted on fitted lining, are gathered top and bottom, the fulness at the lower edge being confined by wristbands of velvet. The closing is in center-back with buttons and button-holes. The pattern provides for two different styles of guimpes.

Mohair, cheviot, etamine and other woolen or silk fabrics are adapted to the mode. The costume may be made up, as illustrated, with plain skirt and plaid waist, or the skirt of plaid and the waist of plain material. For everyday or school wear no better design can be offered, as the skirt may be worn with various waists, thus affording a pleasing variety. To make either of these guimpes in the medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch wide material. To make the skirt for an eight-year-old size will take two and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch wide goods. The guimpe pattern, No. 6816, may be had in sizes for girls two, four, six, eight, ten and twelve years, and retails for 25 cents, the skirt pattern, No. 6887, for six, eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years, and retails for 30 cents.

NO. 6889, MISSES' YOKE WAIST—NO. 6848, MISSES' SIX GORED SKIRT.

All wool plaid in brilliant hues made this stylish and attractive dress; velvet, lace and ribbon supplying the decoration. The square yoke is composed of alternate bands of velvet and Point-de-Paris insertion, which is arranged over a fitted lining and closes invisibly at the center back. The full front portion of the waist is gathered at the upper edge to form fine tuck-shirring, which are arranged on the lower edges of the yoke. The back has the fullness drawn close to the center at the waist line, while the front falls in pretty blouse effect, so very becoming to youthful figures. A deep girdle or sash that is stylishly bowed in the center back encircles the waist. A standing collar with stock of ribbon and lace edging finishes the neck. Full short puffs of plaid are mounted over the close fitting sleeves of velvet, after the prevailing fashion, and are completed at the wrists with decorations of lace insertion and edging. The stylish skirt, smooth-fitting at the top, across the front and sides, may be gathered at the back or laid in box-plaits, as preferred.

6889—Misses' Yoke Waist.
6848—Misses' Six Gored Skirt.

Silk and wool novelties, mohair, canvas cloth, camel's hair, Paysella, serge and etamine mingle among the materials that may be employed in making, in conjunction with velvet, silk or plain material in a contrasting color. To make this waist for a miss fourteen years of age 1¾ yards of 44-inch wide material is required, and to make the skirt it will require 3½ yards of the same width material.

The waist pattern, No. 6889, is cut in sizes for misses, ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age. The skirt pattern, No. 6848, is cut in sizes for misses ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years. The waist pattern retails for 25 cents, and skirt pattern for 30 cents.

NO. 6892, LADIES' FANCY WAIST, WITH SLASHED BOLERO—NO. 6856, LADIES' SIX GORED SKIRT.

An exquisite model is here given embracing the latest novelty in bolero jacket and full belted bodice. Glace silk was selected for the costume. The ground is of vivid green showing stripes of deep red or rather "beet root"—a color very much in evidence for the coming season. The handsome bolero of velvet, the same rich tone, cut in deep lashes reveals glimpses of the bright hued silk beneath. The fanciful tabs falling over the sleeves are a continuation of the jacket which is outlined on its free edges with applique and narrow edging of cream lace. The waist is provided with glove-

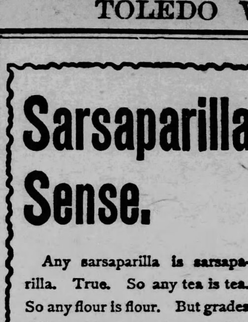
NO. 6892—LADIES' FANCY WAIST WITH SLASHED BOLERO.
NO. 6856—LADIES' SIX GORED SKIRT.

fitted linings closing through the center front over which the pretty fulness is arranged by well regulated gathers at neck and waist line. A crush belt, of the usual depth in front, encircles the waist, but gradually widens toward the center back, where it closes between tucked shirred edges and extends above the waist line. A standing collar completes the neck, concealed by a crush stock of silk with a flaring collar of velvet above. The sleeves in latest gigot style are comfortably and stylishly full, gathers at the top being draped at the shoulder, and dainty cuffs of velvet completing the wrists. The skirt, with six gores, is shaped in latest style and is of moderate fullness, smooth-fitting at the top, but widening perceptibly toward the lower edge, where two bias folds of silk and narrow lace edging form the decoration. Elaborately trimmed, the gown may be worn at a dinner, informal luncheon or tea, while developed in more subdued colors and less expensive fabrics it will be equally as appropriate for a street toilette.

To make this basque for a lady having a 36-inch bust measure 2½ yards of material 44 inches wide are required, together with 1⅞ yards of velvet for the bolero, collar and cuffs. The skirt requires 5½ yards of the same width material for a 26-inch waist measure. The waist pattern, No. 6892, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure, and retails for twenty-five cents. The skirt pattern, No. 6856, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure, and retails for thirty cents.

LADY'S DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, No. 6903.

A decidedly swell coat is here shown of Havana brown Melton, decorated with Persian lamb. The stylish top garment is of fashionable length, the lining of emerald green and blue changeable silk, giving a



6903—Ladies' Double-Breasted Coat.

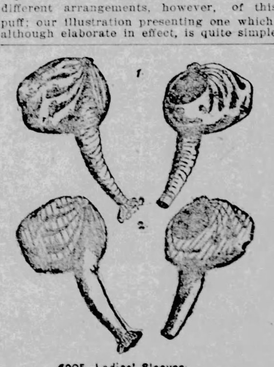
"chic" finish to the inside. The imported walking hat of golden brown felt with black satin band and handsome aigrette is a pleasing accompaniment to this very desirable coat. The loose fitting front lap widely, the right front extending on the left in doublebreasted style and closing invisibly with a fly. The upper right front is reversed to form a broad pointed lapel from the closing at the neck. The close fitting back is adjusted by the usual center, side, back and under-arm seams that extend well below the waist line, thus rendering the trim, long-waisted effect now so stylish. Below this point, deep underlying box plaits are laid after the prevailing fashion, providing a decided stylish and new effect. The stylish gigot sleeves shaped with single seams are close-fitting at the elbow, the fullness at the top being laid in plaits. They wrists are completed with narrow bands of Persian lamb, similar trimming outlining the free edges of the collar, lapel and fronts. The handsome and protective collar closing at the neck stands out with a stylish flare.

All plain, mixed or fancy cloakings can be employed in making this coat, melton, cheviot, tweed, satin-faced cloth, plush, velvet, or astrakhan that imitates baby lamb being particularly stylish. The jacket may be severely plain or a tailor finish may be used, while astrachan, Persian lamb or any of the fashionable furs will provide suitable decoration for more dressy occasions.

To make this coat for a lady having a 36-inch bust measure it will require 3¼ yards of 44-inch wide material, or 2¾ yards of regulation cloth, 54 inches wide. The pattern, No. 6903, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure, and retails for 25 cents.

NO. 6905—LADIES' SLEEVES.

Sleeves are as yet in the transformation state, the puff near the shoulder being accepted as the latest. There are many different arrangements, however, of this puff; our illustration presenting one which, although elaborate in effect, is quite simple



6905—Ladies' Sleeves.

in construction. No. 1 shows a model of transparent fabric arranged over fitted lining of colored silk. The sleeve is shirred in mousquetaire style, its soft wrinkles across the arm being caused by gathers along the edges of the seams. The fanciful puff is of shot silk. The fulness at the upper edge is arranged in gathers that extend to the shoulder seam and finish at this point with a soft knot. The puff is caught up well in the center showing the wrinkled sleeve to within a few inches of the shoulder seam. No. 2 portrays the latest craze in the veritable tight-fitting sleeve, and is not unbecoming to a very slender arm, the stylish puff above providing the requisite fulness. The same puff is used for No. 2 as for No. 1, and the sleeves are completed with Valenciennes lace which may be substituted, however, for a fine knife plaiting.

No better design for sleeves can be suggested for a theatre bodice or a dinner gown. In remodeling last season's gowns the pattern will prove a boon as new sleeves mean a complete transformation.

To make these sleeves in the medium size requires two and one-eighth yards for No. 1 design, and two yards for No. 2 design of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6905, can be had in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds), State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. *You want the best.* It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. *There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's.* It cures.

LAKE ERIE SNAKES.

THE WATER IS FULL OF MONSTERS OF ENORMOUS SIZE.

William Harrett Has a Peculiar Experience With One That Stored Its Food Supplies in Pouches Provided for That Purpose.

Toledo Daily Blade.

There has been quite a number of large snakes seen on Lake Erie during the present season of navigation, but none of them so large as the one described in The Blade three years ago. This snake was more than 25 feet long, and was seen in the middle of the lake by Capt. Woods of the schooner Madeline Downing. So well established was the fact of this snake being seen that the New York and Boston papers devoted considerable space to it. Many exaggerated stories appear in the newspapers

THE HARRETT SNAKE.

about snakes, facts have been perverted, but when an ophibian reptile of unusually large proportions appears, the truth regarding it can not be igfored, and the press does not treat it as if it were a pure invention of some imaginative writer.

A snake very similar to the one seen by Capt. Woods was disporting itself on Lake Michigan a year ago, and was seen by several men whose word would not be questioned. Two fishermen found a dead snake on Lake Huron early last spring that was nearly 13 feet long. Years ago a snake was found dead on Odion Island, not far from Turtle Island, at the head of Lake Erie. I was 20 feet long, and in the middle was as large as a nail keg. From these facts there can be no question about very large snakes yet existing in Western lakes.

Last week William Harrett was hunting on Bay Point, just across from Turtle Island, and while looking out upon the lake for ducks, he saw a disturbance in the water, and soon saw a most extraordinary sight. An object strange to him was coming with lightning-like speed toward the Point.

As it neared the shore he discovered that it was a large snake. Its head was projecting from the water for about two feet. The wake behind it seemed like that from a rapidly sailing small boat. The snake came ashore, coiled itself up and darted out its tongue in a way that sent the chills through Mr. Harrett. He says the snake seemed to him to be at least 25 feet long, and when coiled up, the proportions of the snake was so large that it would have filled the space of an ordinary dray. Mr. Harrett did not move a muscle, fearing that the snake would attack him. The reptile was of a darkish brown color on its back, blending into dark gray on the sides and nearly white underneath. Its head was not much different from that of other snakes, except that it was nearly as large as an ordinary football. A peculiarity about the snake was two ridges running along the neck and each, about two feet long from the jaw of the snake. After it had gone about 30 yards from shore it lazily floated on the surface, and to the surprise of Mr. Harrett, it reached its head back to the ridge on the right side of its neck. The ridge proved to be a pouch which opened and from which the snake pulled a pickerel that was fully 12 inches long. It was evident to Mr. Harrett that the snake caught fish in the lake and put them in the pouches, to be eaten when it got hungry. The pouches were attached to the snake by cartilages that were as pliable as rubber. The snake had the power to loosen or make them rigid at will. After devouring the fish, the snake made for the lake.

Many large snakes have been seen at Bay Point, but none so large as the one seen by Mr. Harrett.

DAINTY.

She said she wasn't hungry,
When first she took her seat;
She couldn't think of anything
She really liked to eat.

Her appetite was fitful,
She smilingly averred,
By dainty trifles only
Of late it could be stirred.

I'm glad she wasn't hungry,
For when the bill was brought,
The figures writ upon it
Were 8 and 8 and 0.

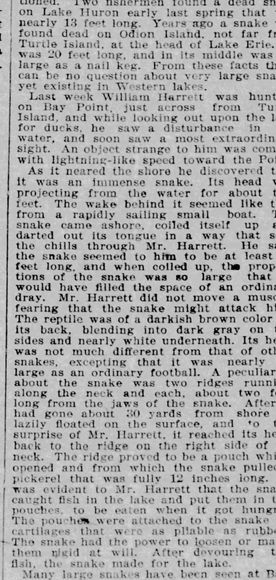
—Chicago Journal.

VELVET MUFFS

Upon a Background of Fur They Make Pretty Things for Hands to Hold.

The November muff does not pretend to keep the fingers from freezing. It is to carry and to be looked at. It takes the place of the parasol, but as for cuddling in its depths, that comes later.

There is one delightful thing about the



TWO SIMPLE MUFFS.

early season muff. It can be built upon any worn-out structure. If you do not want to show your best furs until December, bring out last winter's monkey muff, the worn-out sable, or the astrachan with the whiskers worn off," as a girl remarked of her dilapidated furs, and make an autumn muff.

The thinnest quality silk velvet is used for a small muff that needs lengthening. The velvet is gathered at each end to make two flaring loops, at least a quarter of a yard wide. If the muff is very old a bow can be introduced upon the front also. For muff bows ottoman ribbon is used. It is lined and stiffened and is caught in the middle with a head. A lining to match the bow is gathered in the muff.

THE HOOKIN' COUGH.

If youse afraid of ees and such like fings,
I flinks pe'haps you'd bester run right off
Before I whoops 'cause I'se dest usedt bad,
And muyver said I'se dot ze hookin' cough.

I gets a funny ticklin' in my froat,
And gen I coughs dest like I'd break my head.
And gets choked up ze baddest ever was,
I'se an "exceptional case," ze doctor said!

And eva time I runs, or plays, or laughs,
'At choky fing dest cuts my breevin' off
And hurts me ossel, till I has to cly,
And muyver said I'se dot ze hookin' cough.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bullded Better Than He Knew.

Mrs. Jackson—I thought you told me you trimmed that hat yourself. I'm sure it is just as stylish as if it had been done by a high-priced milliner.

Mrs. Johnson (complacently)—Yes. I think it has a stylish look myself. You see, my husband sat down on it accidentally after I had got done, and gave it exactly the right twist.—Boston Courier.

No Reason for Dread.

"A burnt shild dreads de fire," said Mr. Cohen.

"Vy for?" inquired Isaacstein. "Vosn't he insured, or vouldn't de gompany pay?"—Brooklyn Life.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

An English Journal Takes Occasion to Do a Little Bragging.

It is safe to say that never has a monarch been called upon to reign over a realm of greater extent or wider influence than that which acknowledges Victoria as queen and empress, says the London Mail.

The British Isles alone consist of not far short of a thousand distinct islands or islets, excluding isolated pinnacles of rocks. Their area is 121,115 square miles, forming the boundaries within which some 38,500,000 males and nearly 19,500,000 females live, move and have their being. They are fearfully in debt as a nation, to the amount of something like $680,000,000, with an income of $91,000,000.

The British empire is a political creation without parallel in the world's history. It is scattered here, there and everywhere, with an area approaching 10,000,000 square miles. Its 400,000,000 inhabitants represent all degrees and phases of civilization. The queen's Christian subjects are in the minority, there being 200,000,000 Hindoos, some 70,000,000 Mohamedans and 8,000,000 Buddhists. Something like 130 languages and dialects are spoken in this vast realm, in each of which the Bible is printed.

The Union Jack now floats triumphantly over a continuent, a hundred peninsulas, 100 promontories, 1,000 lakes, double that number of rivers, and no one else than 10,000 islands. This stupendous estate enables the Britisher to perform a feat which the native of no other nation can imitate—to circumnavigate the globe and touch a portion of the national possessions the whole journey. Sailing from England, he makes for Halifax, N. S., dashes across Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Pacific to Hong Kong. Resuming his way he halts at Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, none last places being the last stoppage ere British white cliffs are reached. There is, however, an alternate route after arriving at Penang; thence he can go to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, Malta, Gibraltar and home again.

All zones are embraced in the British empire, from the icy wilderness of Hudson Bay to the tropical jungles of India. There is scarcely a product of commercial value which a British province does not bring forth in its highest perfection. Notwithstanding the diversified elements comprised in this tremendous organization, the government, with very rare exceptions, maintains order, and there is no apparent sign of dissolution.

Without a doubt the most splendid jewel in the queen's crown is the Indian empire, which is equal in size, if we exclude Russia, to the continent of Europe. Its population, bordering on 300,000,000, is composed of a variety of distinct nationalities, professing a multitude of religions, presenting diverse types and speaking as many different tongues. Official reports state there are over 100 distinct languages, as apart from dialects, spoken in India. Many of the races are further divided by discordant prejudices, conflicting social usages and antagonistic material interests.

The diversified elements constituting the Indian possessions represent, according to a late governor general, as complicated a social and political organization as has ever taxed human ingenuity to govern and administer.

Australia, although considerably larger than India, comes second in importance among Britannia's estates across the seas. The australian colonies have progressed by leaps and bounds during the last generation, but their present greatness and importance are but the faintest indication of the future which awaits them. There can be no doubt that they are destined to rival European countries in wealth, population and the qualities which make a great nation. There are huge tracts of country still undeveloped, and when that great drawback, the limited water supply, is completely conquered, Australasia will simply forge ahead.

By the way, New South Wales has the credit of having produced the largest lump of gold that human eyes have yet beheld. It was found in May, 1872, and its statistics were thus developed: Weight, 640 pounds; width, 3 feet 2 inches; height, 4 feet 9 inches; thickness, about 4 inches; and last, but most important of all, its value was no less than $150,000. Who would not willingly undergo an attack of gold fever if certain of finding a similar nugget?

A TRADITION.

It happened that my love and I
Were riding 'neath the larches,
Whose waving boughs, all interlaced,
O'erspread the road with arches.

And, growing bold, I claimed a kiss
For each one we passed under,
"According to tradition"—
Her eyes grew round with wonder.

What could she do but meekly yield,
Unto my hard condition?
(But, faith, she never knew that I
Invented the tradition.)

—Truth.

Self-Evident.

Tuffold Knutt—Say, whose statchoo is this, anyhow?

Mosely Wraggs—It's Christ'pher Columbus's.

"How d'ye know?"

"Can't y' see his name on it, ye durn fool?"—Chicago Tribune.

Still oMre Dreadful.

Mrs. Dusenberry—"It's dreadful to be disappointed in love."

Mr. Dusenberry—"There is something a great deal worse than that."

"What, for instance?"

"To be disappointed in marriage."—Texas Sifter.

Red-Handed.

"Red-handed," shrieked Lady Macbeth in a transport of horror. "Merciful heaven! Folks will think I do my own housework!"

As for the Thane of Cawdor, he perceived that it was no time for him to be chipping in.—Detroit Tribune.

An Autumn Reflection.

You may shake, you may batter the coat as you will,
The scent of the moth ball will cling to it still.

—Detroit News.

Different Kind of Trust.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so!"

Grocer—"Confound it, so did I."—Boston Transcript.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily

Hood's Pills

and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

WITH THE WITS.

What the Newspaper Humorists Are Writing These Days.

A rich man of this city gave a chestnut party. Chestnut parties are quite the rage just now. They are easily planned and carried out. About the only necessity is the chestnuts. That's where the rich man stumbled. The chestnut supply at the point he had selected for the party was scarce. There was a splendid tree, but its crop was light. Wealth is the true father of expedients. The rich man bought a generous supply of chestnuts and sent them out to be carefully scattered beneath the tree. When the party arrived at the nutting ground, lo! the tree had been shaken and there on the ground lay the remarkably generous supply of nuts. The business of gathering them went merrily forward, when, all of a sudden, one of the older members of the party picked up a fallen leaf and looked at it suspiciously, then she glanced up at the tree above her.

"Isn't it strange?" she said.

"Isn't what strange?" asked the rich man.

"That all these chestnuts should grow on an oak tree?"

And it was oak, sure enough.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two in One.

Merchant—What position do you desire in our establishment, sir?

College Graduate—Oh, something like confidential adviser or general manager.

Merchant—Good! You may have both jobs. I will make you an office boy.—Judge.

Key Was All Right.

Wife (from the window)—Goodness gracious, Henry! are you in such a condition that you're trying to open the door with the wrong key

Henry—Key's allri, Mrs. Caddles; only zhish is wrong door t' it—zash all.—Roxbury Gazette.

Perplexed About Change.

Coming down in a Twelfth street car, an old lady tendered the conductor a 3-cent piece, under the impression that it was a dime, and received a nickel in change. The conductor, however, discovered his error immediately after, and, going back to the old lady, explained the circumstance. After convincing her, with much argument, that she had only given him 3 cents, the conductor returned the coin, and the old lady handed him the nickel. "Let me have your fare, please," demanded the conductor.

The old lady looked aghast. "Why, I just gave you 5 cents," she retorted, now firmly convinced that she was being bunkoed.

"Yes, I know," replied the conductor, who was also getting slightly twisted, "but that was the nickel I gave you in change for your 3-cent piece."

"Well, I paid you, didn't I?" remonstrated the old lady.

"But that was the money I gave you."

"Well, you've got it now, haven't you?"

The conductor lacked the eloquence to explain the situation, and at Market street they were still haggling about it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Self-Evident Contention.

The Irish Lecturer—The superiority of the old architecture over the new is beyond question, for where will you find any modern buildings that have lasted as long as the ancient ones?—London Tit-Bits.

Strong Proofs.

He—Will you love me when I am gone?

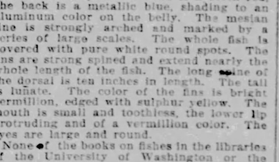
She—Well, George, I love you now; and you are pretty far gone, aren't you?—Philadelphia North American.

CAUGHT A BRAND NEW FISH.

A Deep Sea Fellow of Brilliant Hue, Not Known by Scientists.

Scientists are startled when they find a new fish weighing twenty pounds, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Here on Puget Sound, where all the natural history is so new an attractive to scientists, it has been quite common to find from five to ten new species of fish during a summer's dredging, but it has been many years since so rare a fish was caught as the one calling forth this article.

On September 18, 1896, while fishing on the banks some 28 miles south-southwest of Cope Flattery in the schooner Wenoma, Captain Jacobson caught a strange and un-



commonly beautiful fish in 28 fathoms of water. The fish is 20½ inches long, 17 inches deep, and about four inches thick. It weighs 20 pounds, and in high coloring surpasses nearly every other fish of the ocean. The top of the head is a brick red, the back is a metallic blue, shading to an aluminum color on the belly. The median line is strongly arched and marked by a series of large scales. The whole fish is covered with pure white round spots. The fins are all colored and extend nearly the whole length of the fish. The long spine of the dorsal is ten inches in length. The tail is lunate. The color of the fins is bright vermillion, edged with sulphur yellow. The mouth is small and toothless, the lower lip protruding and of a vermillion color. The eyes are large and round.

None of the books on fishes in the libraries of the University of Washington or the Young Naturalists' Society give any description of this new visitor of the finny tribes. The nearest descriptions found in the books are of two celebrated fishes of the Atlantic ocean. One of these Atlantic forms is the Opah King Fish, which is described as a great delicacy, but it is so rare that not many have had an opportunity of trying it. But one of the nearest relatives of this new fish is the Zonis faber or the "John Dory" of the Atlantic. This fish is a highly prized food fish, but it is never taken in quantity.

This specimen was brought to Seattle and found its way into the museum of the Young Naturalists' Society, where it was photographed, its colors carefully noted, and then preserved in formalin, the new and valuable preservative. Prof. Fulmer examination of the fish has led some of the local scientists to believe that the new fish belongs to the genus Lampris, and is therefore a true Opah, but it is undoubtedly a new species, very different from the Atlantic Opahs.

HAPPY TIMES IN GEORGIA.

Fiel' des white with cotton—
Bin des pile wid co'n;
Dis heah's hallelujah time,
Happy, sho's you bo'n!

Chune dat fiddle, nigger!
Men' de broken string;
Dance away 'twell break er day
En cut de pigeon-wing!

Cane mill des a-gwine roun',
Chillun come fum—Atlanta Constitution.
Bacon by de hundud poun',
Mortgage off de mule!

Chune dat fiddle, nigger!
Men' de broken string;
Dance away 'twell break er day
En cut de—pigeon-wing!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Partial Stranger.

Coroner—Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?

Witness (who had been told by the company to be careful in his statements)—No, sor. His leg was gone intoirely. He was a partial stranger.—Texas Siftings.

Filial Disrespect.

"Mrs. Dubson has disinherited her son."

"What's that for?"

"He went and got bald just as she was thinking of getting married again."—Chicago Record.

An Ancient Weather Man.

Sunday School Teacher—"Who was Noah?"

Pupil—"He was a weather prophet. When he said it was going to rain, nobody believed him."—Puck.

New Idea.

"Teacher's played us a mean trick."

"What was it?"

"She's went 'n' had some campaign buttons made with th' multiplication table on 'em."—Chicago Record.

From a Full Heart—and Head.

"This," he sighed happily, "is more—far more than I ever dreamed of!"

Even a welsh-rarebit nightmare paled in the presence of pink elephants.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

POPPY'S MISTAKE.

My poppy knows a yot of fings,
An' genyally he dets 'em wight—
How guns is made an' why is kings
An' why it isn't dood to fight.

Why dollies all has yoller hair,
An' what's the bess name for a cat,
An' nothin's nicer dan a pear
An' yots of ovver fings yike dat.

But sometimes poppy makes mistakes,
An' I've found out one jess to-day.
He said 'at I was sweeter'n cakes;
He did jess as he went away.

An' I've been suckin' on my fumb
For pretty nearly ever since,
An' I don't find no sweetness come—
Ain't even sweet's a pickled quince.

An' when he comes up home to-night
I'll climb wight up on his knee,
An' show him dat he wasn't wight,
An' how cake's sweeter far dan me.

—Harper's Bazar.

POPULAR MUSIC.

George Schleiffarth, the Composer, Says Vitiated Taste Predominates.

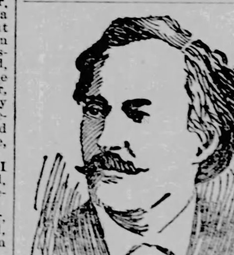
"Do you know what this insatiable love and hankering on the part of the dear public for popular ballads means?" exclaimed George Schleiffarth, himself a composer of 2,000 songs, many of them winning the public's favor. "Do you know what it means? It's degeneracy! Yes, vitiated taste, a thirst for the obscene, a criminal encouragement of low and vulgar stuff—that's the present tendency in music—end of century degeneracy!

"And is it the fault of the public? No! It is the fault of the men who stoop for mere paltry gain to dashing off nasty, suggestive stuff that is an insult to art. It is a shame, an abomination, an evil."

Then the composer of 2,000 popular successes whirled around on the piano stool, says the Chicago Times-Herald, and toyed lovingly and thoughtfully with the instrument's keys.

"But what do you mean, Mr. Schleiffarth? Do you not write popular ballads yourself? Haven't you written several thousand of them?"

"Himmel, yes! But they are ballads, not botch. They are songs, not slop. Mine have none of that wishy-washy sentiment that will not permit of quotation in decent society. True, they are love ballads. For



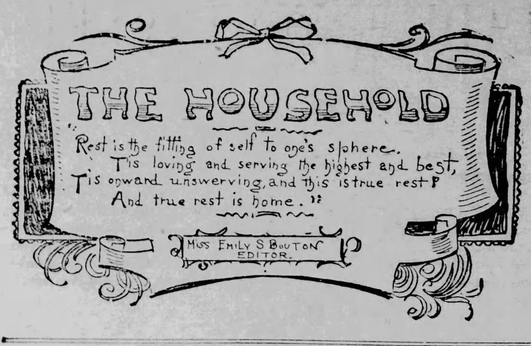
GEORGE SCHLEIFFARTH.

The Popular Music Composer.

the love ballad, like the love story, is of mere human interest, but I handle it in this narrow world. But they are love ballads with sweet, wholesome feeling, and pathos, worthy of a true musically melodious.

"The fashion for this degenerate stuff started some four or five years ago. The first published songs sold well. It made the composer of obscene music think it safe to flood the market with songs, not only cheap in price, but cheap in sentiment. He fairly dragged the public down to his level, the unsuspecting public that can be led like a flock of sheep.

"Then vaudeville performances rose into popularity. The variety performers snatched the flood of low song popularity at its ebb and still further watered to an already demoralized taste. Such songs as After the Ball, Just Tell Them that



TAKE NEW COURAGE.

What would be the use of living
In this troubled world of ours,
If we could not help each other
In our sad and anxious hours,
If we could not speed the sunbeams,
If we could not scatter flowers?

If we could not reach each other
With a kindly, helping hand,
Neither comfort one another,
As our loving Father planned;
Were we all debarred from taking
Any self-denying stand,
What a cruel world 'twould be!
What a place for you and me!

But the feeblest feet may travel
On the road of helpfulness,
And the frailest little fingers
Dry the teardrops of distress.
O weak hands, outstretch'd for blessings,
Never forget you, too, may bless!
Take new courage, Christ has labors
For the indulgent and weak,
Prayers to pray, and sins to smother,
Songs to sing, and souls to seek;
And another cannot utter
What is given you to speak,
And another cannot do
Work appointed unto you. —Selected.

A STRONG WORD

WHICH IS SOMETIMES USED REGARDING ONE'S WORK.

Some Questions Asked and Answered—The Compulsion of Labor Really a Blessing.

Every lot is happy to one who bears it with tranquility.—Boethius.

"I hate my work!"

Hate is a strong word to use about something which enters so largely into the life as does the occupation that necessarily fills the larger part of the waking hours of the day. When the feeling has grown to an intensity which calls for such expression, then indeed it is time to pause and see whether it be not possible to change this condition—a condition that brings death to honest, forceful endeavor, and thus prevents the highest accomplishment. There is a "best" to all effort, but no one can reach it whose whole being is in rebellion against the necessity which is the compelling power to its making.

Why do you hate your work?

Have you ever really asked of yourself this question craving an honest answer? Is it the work itself which you hate, or is it the thraldom of its necessity, which prevents you, so you believe, from filling your life with what would make you happy? Does it hold you with an iron grasp when the sunshine is bathing the world without with its golden glory; when the birds are singing, and the leaves are whispering of their joy in living; when everything seems rejoicing in a glad sense of freedom; when your neighbor can go forth into the midst of all of these delights while you toil wearily on and on, trying to still the longing for that which is denied you?

Is it the necessity of work which irks you, or are you discontented with the kind that you are doing? On the other hand, does the hatred which possesses you come from a sense of failure, because you are not able to accomplish all that you so earnestly desire to do?

Let me repeat to you what I believe to be an undeniable truth: The compulsion of labor is a blessing. We are so constituted that we never make the most and best of ourselves, or approach anywhere near our own ideals, unless there is something either pushing us onward, or beckoning us forward with such persistence that we cannot remain idle. The duties which call for continuous effort are frequently our saviors from the gratification of desires that would wreck our lives, and make them one long misery. The necessity which calls for the continual putting forth of effort is the good fairy that saves many of us from wasting our powers in a vain attempt to reach happiness through selfish pleasures.

Perhaps you are not rebelling against work itself, but because you believe yourself capable of doing something of a kind so much better. It is true that there are many who "seem to themselves the victims of a pitiless, blind fate which consigns them to failure and defeat, or shuts them up in conditions that affect them like a prison-yard, where they are loaded with ball and chain, and condemned to toil that brings no reward," and you may be one of these unhappy ones. If this be so, then there is one thing which it would be wise for you to consider. Whatever the situation in which you find yourself, you may be certain that it is the one of all others, that gives you the best opportunity for the greatest character-growth in the right direction. There is no chance in these things. An eternal, immutable law governs our comings and our goings, and it is for us to put ourselves in harmony with its action. Some one has well said that "the chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself, as our own spirit of resistance to it?" The more we "kick against the pricks," the deeper will be the wounds which they inflict, while thus we weaken our powers and hinder all progress.

Now I do not mean by this that we are never to attempt to change conditions; never to try to enter into a new path adown which the light seems to us to be shining. That would be a sorry thing indeed, for when

"The spirit craves to do its noblest thing,
It is a potion in the blood suppress."

But we must be certain that this restlessness is really a craving of the spirit to do something nobler, and not a selfish longing for greater ease and fuller satisfaction of the senses. We are to make sure that in "hating our work," we are not turning away from the angel of opportunity that would help us to the better things of the spirit, even though the mind and body rebel against the monotony of the toil which stretches through the months and years.

Of one thing I am sure; You would not so "hate your work" even if it be what you do not like, if you were not in your mind doing to-morrow's task, when all that need concern you is that of to-day. To accomplish what is at your hand at the present hour is your duty, but to allow yourself in thought to do the labor of a future which may never come to you, is, in the highest sense, unwisdom. That is a folly of which we are most of us to some extent guilty, and it is what prevents us from "bearing our lot with tranquility." And there is nothing which will so conduce to the bringing of what you believe better fitted to your powers of accomplishment, as this "tranquility," which hinders us from casting shadows across the gladness of other lives upon which our own touches. You can win it only through forgetfulness of self, and this is the key to all happiness.

Perhaps I have not yet reached the real reason for your "hating" your work. It may be that there is a sense of failure; that you have not reached the success which earlier seemed to you possible. But have you really failed? You may not have gained the visible signs of what the world calls success, fame and fortune, but how is it with your inner, real self? Has your labor, have your struggles brought to you greater struggles, broader sympathies, loftier aspirations and a deeper capacity for burden-bearing? Then in the better sense, you are not making of your life a failure, but what, somewhere and sometime, you will know to be a success.

I was reading the other day some words of Rev. Charles G. Ames in his little book, As Natural as Life, which I want to quote here because of its bearing upon what I have been saying.

"When a man takes on himself a heavy burden because he knows it belongs to him to carry it, he feels a glow of satisfaction because he can. The strength keeps coming to him. It almost seems as if the burden gave him wings. But, if he is sulky or cowardly, or if he whimpers and pities himself, or envies other people who seem to have no loads to carry, he will have plenty of heart-ache and back-ache, too. There are many worse things in the world than burden-bearing; and we shall miss some of the best things if we try to find an easy path through life by shirking our proper tasks."

Here we have the whole truth. What we have to do is the work which lies at our hand this hour, to-day, without considering whether or no it will reach over-weary to-morrows. It must be done without "hatred," if the heart's-ease of harmony with the Divine Will is to be obtained, and this is the only thing worthy of our best efforts in this life or any other.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

For when one lives thus to help others, he is thereby putting in practice the rule to try and kill out all sense of separateness, and thus gets little by little in possession of the true light.—W. Q. Judge.

OUR COSY CORNER.

THE AUTUMN BRINGS THOUGHTS OF THE COMING WINTER.

Friends Gather Together to Talk Matters Over—Some Pertinent Questions to Answer.

Are any of the Cozy Corner visitors acquainted with the Fidgety woman? If possible, she is more tiresome than the "Raggedy Man," who is the favorite subject of all amateur elocutionists.

The Fidgety woman is seemingly ubiquitous; we see her at church, at concerts, at the theatre and every place of entertainment, and though she is very unpleasant to meet, she is the most so in her own home, where she is continually fretting and fussing, never allowing any one a moment's peace except when she is sleeping. Even in her dreams she is, doubtless, worrying about something.

I saw one of these women at a wedding recently. Her daughter was to be married, and from the announcement of the engagement there had been no peace for any one at all interested, from the "high contracting parties," as the newspapers say, to the extra "help" called in to assist in the kitchen.

Arrived at the church she changed her seat twice, in order to sit where she could have the best view of the ceremony; she whispered to her neighbors, her fears lest everything would not go smoothly at home; that the bridal party would not arrive on time, and she knew very well that her prospective son-in-law would forget to have the ring ready at the proper moment. Then she turned her thoughts to the organist. Why wasn't he in his place, and why didn't he begin to play, etc., etc., until by the time the wedding party arrived she and every one near her were in such a condition of nervous excitement as to be entirely unfitted to appreciate the beautiful and solemn marriage service.

Next to the "Fidgety" woman comes the "Afraid" woman—the woman who is afraid to go out on a pleasant day lest a sudden shower may come up; afraid to believe that her sick friend is better, even though there is everything to encourage such a belief; and when she is feeling unusually well herself, "afraid" she is "getting ready for a spell of sickness," for it doesn't seem natural for any one to be so healthy as she is. She gives her friends a most uncomfortable sensation whenever they talk with her. As an old lady from the country said: "She makes me think of the white turkeys who will fall down and die when it thunders, for fear they wil be killed by the rain."

I heard of one instance when a woman seemed to be justified in feeling afraid. She was my neighbor, and had started to go down town to do some necessary shopping. As she stepped out and closed the door after her, the skirt of her dress caught in it, and there she was, unable to move a step, and with her pass key on the table, where she had placed it so she "would be certain not to forget it." With no one in the house to open the door for her, she indeed had reason to be "afraid" she would have to stand there till her husband came home to dinner. Like the greedy fox in the story, she

"Could not get out
Nor turn about"

nor even sit down and wait comfortably.

Fortunately for her, help came sooner than she had anticipated. A neighbor came along, and, at her request, tried his door key and found it would open her door, and so she was released from her unpleasant position. "But it taught me one lesson," said she. "I never leave my door key any where but on my watch guard now. It isn't a very pretty ornament I know, but if it were as big as a locksmith's sign I would carry it with me before I would have that experience again."

The first snow seems to have come early in the old Keystone State, but it has not found our new correspondent, Naomi, unprepared, as her letter proves:

The Cozy Corner and I are firm friends, although this is my first written acknowledgement of the fact. I

As I looked out on the snow white ground this morning I wondered how many of our friends had secured a nice supply of dirt for winter use among their house plants. Be sure to get just a little more than you expect to need, as early seed sewing requires a good deal.

Do you keep your barometer in a handy place? Strange to say ours always stands to be hung up, but as it is just a common bottle of camphor, we have to dispose of it in that way. It is always to be depended on, too, although a good many do not know of its weather-prophetic ability.

A day or so before a storm the camphor will rise and look as though recently shaken up, and before good, settled weather, it will settle closely at the bottom of the bottle. Simple, but true, nevertheless.

Our new neighbors in the Fancy Work Column are very welcome. I will call on them soon.

Will some one send a good recipe for the old fashioned apple butter that our grandmothers used to make, and oblige several housewives? I would like to hear from some one in the vicinity of Silver Lake, Ottawa county, Michigan, as I used to have relatives there, but have lost track of them.

Bertha Belle tells of the following occurrence which came under her observation:

Did you ever attend an Episcopal church and notice the different people as they entered? Some will walk briskly up the aisle to the seats (these persons most always wear squeaky shoes) and fall down on their knees for the brief prayer, before sitting down. This done, they seat themselves, remove extra wraps, dispose of umbrellas, overshoes and other impediments, select a prayer book and hymnal from the rack before them and then with a sort of a "I'm-glad-that-is-done-with" expression on their faces, settle themselves to quietly and comfortably watch the remainder of the congregation. These are they who know just who is, and who is not present at each service, and how many new bonnets are worn.

Another class of women will saunter slowly down the aisle (these are always so well dressed that they do not fear the inspection they know their garments will receive), enter their pew, seat themselves; slowly and carefully remove their wraps, etc., and when they are all ready will kneel gracefully, say their prayer carefully and then resume their seats with the calm, contented, consciousness of duty well done, and are prepared to fully enjoy the services.

A week or two ago I was witness of a somewhat unpleasant experience that came to one of these stately, slow-moving ladies. Kneeling, she lowered her head on the back of the seat in front of her. Just then the woman occupying that seat arose from her prayer and sitting back suddenly hit the head of the kneeling woman, almost demolishing her pretty bonnet. After finishing her devotions, No. 1 resumed her seat just in time to be struck between her shoulders by the bullet-head of a boy in the seat back of her. He was preparing to say his prayers in the energetic manner in which boys do everything they undertake.

The poor lady, though preserving her composure, looked quite distressed and doubtless considered that the first hymn of the day had an especial reference to her case as it began:

"Oft in danger,
Oft in woe."

Another new friend, Bessie Johnson Bellman comes this morning, and brings for us this pretty poem:

I know that some day there shall come to me,
A feeling strange of frightful ecstacy,
When I shall feel this mortal journey past,
Shall know a few, fleet moments are my last.
When like a changing scene before my eyes
Shall float the journey of this world we prize.
Dear world, so dear! The human heart
Clings to it fondly, knowing it must part,
But over all the dread of earthly loss,
The clinging for the crown, my daily cross,
Which, from long bearing, has become so dear.
High soars the soul in its exultant sphere,
Ready to use its wings, so long untried,
When this poor mortal barque hath crossed the tide,
Soon to be numbered with the wondrous Hence,
To know the unknown riddle, Where, and Whence.

Lenore, a M. G. R. girl from Virginia, asks permission to speak a good word for some of her friends, and very good friends for a girl to have, they are:

Here comes another M. G. R. girl who can no longer withstand the temptation to enter your pleasant circle. As Laura Golden did not even mention my favorite poets, I come to pay them a loving tribute.

The first place in my heart is held by "the sweet singer of the West"—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Each of her poems is a lesson in itself, teaching us to be true, noble and brave. They appeal to all that is pure and holy in our nature, giving such advice as:

"Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along;
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong."

She suits her verses to every phase of life, bidding us bear all trials bravely, patiently enduring, seeking to overcome by "the Eternal Will," which is "Sure lever of success for one who tries." And she tells us:

"There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
All triumphs may be thine in time's futurity,
If, whate'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security."

In the death of Eugene Field the children lost a true friend, yet they have another as true in the person of Margaret E. Sangster, whose loving, motherly heart is ever devising pleasing and appropriate rhymes for the "Little Knights and Ladies" of our land, as well as for the older ones.

One by one our great writers are crossing the "dark river," while others are taking their places, and I predict that the dawn of the twentieth century will also be the dawn of liperature's greatest era, and that youthful writers with vigorous minds and brilliant talents will fill, ably and well, the places vacated by their predecessors.

"For it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun!"

Bessie Belle must have been thinking of some things besides her prayers that day, I think, but we shall be glad to have her come again. Perhaps she will have some pleasanter experience to relate then.

Rustic Beauty wishes to know of something that will remove moles from her face, and also a cure for superfluous hair on her upper lip.

Matthew should take two ounces of block tea, pour over it one quart of boiling water and let it stand in a warm place for an hour. Strain, and use as a hair wash to prevent the hair from coming out, or turning grey.

A Widow is anxious to know if, after a year of mourning for her husband, she should have her visiting cards engraved with his name, or with her own.

This is as you prefer. To continue to retain your husband's name and have your cards engraved Mrs. James Smith instead of Mrs. Julia Smith, is perfectly proper, according to some authorities upon etiquette, because it gives a dignity to your position, as well as indicating that you still have a proper feeling of respect for the departed James.

It does not follow, however, that this feeling is not present if you shou'd choose to have your own name, which is also entirely proper.

To your second question, "Should invitations to any kind of entertainments be sent to those who are in deep mourning," the answer is, they can be, and such attentions at such times are usually appreciated by the recipients, though it is understood that they will not be accepted, and therefore no regrets are needed. Diamonds, or jet are the only jewelry allowed with mourning toilets.

William J. Demerrit writes thus: "Tell that ambitious farmer's daughter that there are in several states agricultural colleges where girls, as well as boys, can be taught to be "improved" farmers' daughters and sons, and if she will write to the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, D. C., she can obtain the address of any of them.

Red leaf, gold leaf,
Flutter down the wind;
Life is brief, oh! life is brief,
But mother earth is kind;
From her dear bosom ho shall spring
To new blossoming.

The red leaf, the gold leaf,
They have had their way;
Love is long, if life be brief—
Life is but a day;
And love from Grief and Death shall spring
To new blossoming.
—Selected.

"Leone" comes from Montana with some beautiful thoughts for the young people of the Cozy Corner, but, alas, she wrote them on both sides of her paper so they cannot be used, and she also forgot to bring her name with her, so her introduction to our Cozy Corner friends must be postponed till she comes again, which the editor hopes will be soon.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a piece of thine,
Man did not make and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.
—Matthew Arnold.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

Organized October 15, 1896—Charter Members.

Mrs. Cora Shuman, Skinner, Mo.
Mrs. E. J. B. Conrad, California.
Miss Emma G. Gibbs, Nevada.
Mrs. E. M. Blair, Colorado.
Mrs. G. W. Dorland, Wisconsin.
Mrs. I. W. Lafferty, Oregon.
Miss Alice A. Koller, Ohio.
Mrs. Warren Hoxsie, Michigan.
Miss Liza Barnes, Indiana.
Mrs. Nettie Wreath, Kansas.

Two new members received club privileges this week, Miss Verda Louck, of Iowa, and Miss Maude Kennard, of Ohio, known among the M. G. Rs. as "Willa."

The editor wishes to have it understood that this club is not a temporary affair, but has "come to stay."

A prize will be awarded on January 1st, to the member having sent the greatest number of acceptable patterns for fancy work before that time.

Crochet and knitting patterns are not as desirable as directions for making other kinds of fancy articles, as they are difficult to set up or to illustrate.

Every accepted description will count one on the prize account; if accompanied by an illustration it will count two.

Any reader of The Blade is eligible for membership; there are no dues to pay; addresses for personal correspondence between members will be furnished on application, and the masculine persuasion will be welcomed if they can tell us how to make "household decorations" of any kind that does not necessitate too much "hemming."

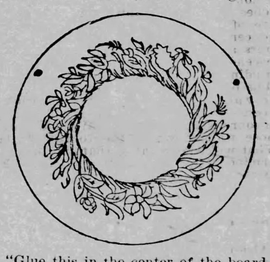
Vercia Louck:—Thank you for pleasant note. We can not all be charter members, but we can "belong" just the same.

Willa:—M. G. R. girls are always welcomed in every department of The Blade.

Decorated Mirror.

Mrs. G. W. Dorland, in telling of some pretty Christmas presents to make for children, at a trifling cost describes one of them after this fashion:

"Take the bottom of a wooden pail and a piece of a broken mirror (a small one that is not broken will do!) it does not matter about the shape, though one that is six inches square is all right.



"Glue this in the center of the board, take a piece of the silver paper that comes around tobacco; cut an opening in the center, either round, oval or oblong, as you choose the shape of your mirror to be, and cover the entire frame with it.

"Cut colored flowers from seed catalogues or picture cards, or use scrap-pictures to form a border around the glass, and make holes at opposite sides of the board through which to pass a suspension ribbon or cord.

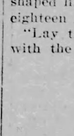
"When the flowers are soiled or faded, they can be replaced with others and the "mirror will be as good as new."

Gladys takes the floor to explain how to make from fish scales a very dainty

Hair Ornament.

"Cut from the scales five pieces shaped like Fig. 1, five like Fig. 3, and eighteen like Fig. 2.

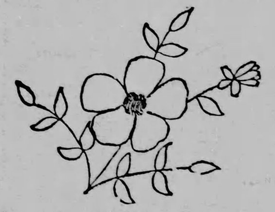
"Lay them on a smooth board, and with the sharp point of your scissors



pierce a tiny hole through each petal at the base, and another at the point as indicated by the dots.

"Take a fine silver wire, such as is used in making paper flowers; cut off a small piece, run it through the hole at the base of the petal, down through the top, and back through the bottom again. Twist the two ends of the wire together to form a stem, and treat all the petals in the same way.

"Take coarse white thread, No. 8 or 10, and cut off 12 one-inch pieces. Mix a little flour and water together in a spoon; have a wax candle lighted so the wax is melting. Take a piece of the thread, double it, dip the ends in the



flour and water which will form a little drop; dip this at once into the melted wax, and it will instantly harden.

"Proceed in the same manner with the other pieces of thread; these are the stamens.

"Take a piece of white embroidery silk and split it. Take 8 of the stamens group around them the five No. 1 petals, tie securely together, and wind the stem smoothly with the split silk, taking care to completely cover the wire.

"Take the four remaining stamens and the five No. 3 petals and form the bud just the same as the rose, only, instead of spreading the petals they are grouped somewhat in the form of a bell.

"At the base of the bud place four leaves (Fig. 2) and one further down the stem. Arrange two sprays of five leaves each, and one of three. Fasten all together as shown in the illustration winding with the silk; then with the silk fasten firmly to a common hairpin and you have a dainty little hair ornament.

"The flowers and leaves may be tinted with oil paints, thinned with turpentine, if desired.

Certainly, you may come again, Gladys, and "bring your work with you, please."

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our wish, we wish undone!
—Dryden.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

"Sit Down and Feed and Welcome to Our Table."

A curious "correspondent from out West," asks if Miss Bouton is the Cook, and if it is true that she personally tests all the recipes given in The Blade.

You must know, dear, curious friend from that great country known generally as "out West," that there are a great many cooks required to prepare for you each week the intellectual feast furnished by The Blade, and though it will not do to "give away" all of the arrangements of a newspaper office, I will tell you, in the strictest confidence, that while Miss Bouton has so many "other fish to fry," that she is not always able to stand over the Blade cook stove and make a practical test of these recipes herself, she has many good friends among the housekeepers who read The Blade who will do this part of the work for her, but for all this assistance you may rest assured that she is truly, the chief cook.

T. E. S., who keeps a "first-class hotel," sends us the following recipe, used by him for making

French Mustard.

To ¼ lb. ground yellow mustard add sufficient vinegar to make it of the proper consistency for use. Make 1 pt. of starch from wheat flour, the same as would be used for laundry purposes, add to this the mustard; 1 tablespoonful of sugar and ½ teaspoonful of salt. Cook all together for 5 or 10 minutes, and thin with vinegar if too thick.

A subscriber asked for a recipe for making graham bread. We give this, taken from an old manuscript cook book, and which is recommended by every one who has used it:

Graham Bread.

Dissolve 1 yeast cake in 1 pt. of lukewarm water and add enough wheat flour to make a rather stiff batter. Cover, and set it where it will keep warm over night. In the morning add 2 cupfuls molasses, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water and 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, stir in as much graham flour as you can, let it rise again, then divide into two parts and place in bread tins to rise the third time. When it has doubled in size, bake in a moderate oven.

Young Housekeeper asks what she can have for breakfast. She cannot afford meat more than once a day and neither she nor her husband are very fond of the usual breakfast cereals.

Have you ever tried corn meal mush, made the day before and fried for breakfast? This is a very satisfactory breakfast dish, eaten either with or without syrup. If you have any remnants of cold meat of any kind, chop them very fine, cover with boiling water, salt to taste and then stir in sufficient yellow corn meal to make a not very stiff mush. Rinse a deep bread tin with cold water, pour in your mush and set it away to cool. In the morning cut in thin slices and fry, and you will have something very good for breakfast, and I think you will agree with me that it is a satisfactory manner to use up your scraps of meat, and the name of this dish is quite appropriate—it is Scrapple.

Another question that may be considered in this connection is the benefit derived by pupils from receiving lessons in cooking schools. That these schools are beneficial and will be a great factor in the development of our domestic economy, giving, as they do, knowledge of the health giving properties of the various kinds of food, their preparation, chemical properties, etc., is not to be doubted for an instant, but if these lessons be given in such a manner that without a gas-stove and all modern appliances the pupil cannot make a practical use of them, they will be of very little use. Far better for an everyday helpmeet for any man will be the girl who has learned of her mother how to make good bread, and to do plain cooking in a common kitchen.

A man passes for what he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes in letters of light.—Emerson.

EMANCIPATION IN ICELAND.

The Icelandic Woman Has Long Enjoyed Distinct Individuality.

How does it happen that the woman of Iceland has quietly possessed herself of emancipation long before the women of Europe and America dreamed of clamoring for it? From the earliest period the Icelandic woman has enjoyed distinct individuality. The wife has always held the place of an equal with her husband in matters pertaining to the home, says the San Francisco Wave. In the old days she wore a bracelet, from which hung the insignia of office—her keys and purse. Now that she has laid aside the gold wristband, these significant household accoutrements are carried in the dress pocket; but they are hers, nevertheless. In all matters of church and parish she has her vote, and, as the church and state are combined, this is really a civic privilege.

She also has full municipal suffrage but as yet cannot vote upon matters pertaining to commerce nor for members of parliament, though there is a strong sentiment abroad in favor of giving her these additional advantages. Women take part in many political meetings, and talk upon all political subjects. During althing sessions great numbers of the most intelligent women of the capital city are in constant attendance. For some years there has existed a political society of women, and when momentous questions affecting their interests are before the legislative body, large meetings are called and addressed by women, setting forth their claims.

The Latest Coiffure.

With the new toques a more elaborate style of hairdressing will be called for, and for once milliners and hairdressers are working in one accord. The coiffure has railed bitterly at the simple methods in vogue during the last year or two. "The hair is 'undulated,' to be sure," he grumbles. "But what of that? Twice a week it is done at the most, and competition has cut the price down to as low as 3 francs in a first-class place." He is in readiness already for this new style of toque, and displaying coiffures that show a mass of stiff curled and waved hair thrown back from the forehead. It resembles, but is not like the pompadour, for the short hair escapes in carelessly curls, softening the forehead. No "rat" is used, and a round comb almost as large as those which little girls once wore, but differently shaped, is arranged with teeth toward the face to give the necessary puffiness about the forehead and around the temples. The new toque will be pretty only with this style of hairdressing, and for this reason it may not become popular in America. French women, as a rule, have low foreheads and thick, wavy hair, that would take and retain easily this style of coiffure.

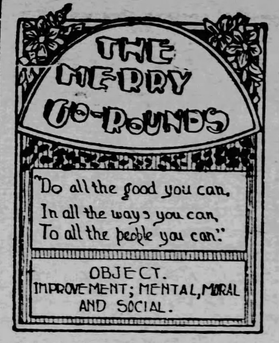
Apology Unnecessary.

In the days when it was common for the younger son to go into the church, one of those young gentlemen had charge of an outlying chapel. A Sunday or two after his ordination he found himself there in the afternoon with only the sermon in his pocket that he had preached there in the morning, and so the unfortunate curate had to give it over again. He began after service to make profuse apologies to the clerk, when that functionary politely stopped him by saying:

"Lor' bless ee, Master Charles, don't ee take on so. We never listens to ee!"
—Tit-Bits.

The Latest in Gloves.

The law of the glove is inexorable. Glace kid is correct for street wear, for making calls and for driving. Suede is used for evening wear and for most ceremonious occasions. Long black suede or glace kid gloves, worn with elbow sleeves, if there is but a soupcon of black about the gown, give a very smart finish to one's toilet. Glace kid in pearl gray and delicate shades of straw color have supplanted white, which has long been worn with tailor frocks and street gowns generally. For evening wear, suedes in white, tan, butter-color, and even to match the gown, are most fashionable, although the latter is somewhat risque unless the most delicate shades can be used.



For October's work Miss Prudence asks every one of her boys and girls to make a tour of their "homestead" be it town lot or farm, and take an inventory of the different kinds of trees growing thereon, sending a list of the same to their state president with full address of sender, name, town, county and state.

The presidents will please classify these lists according to the location as northern, southern or central and forward them as usual.

Members in states having no president will send their lists directly to this office.

Four new members were admitted this morning: H. L. N., J. H. Hendricks, Little My and Whirlwind Jack.

The old members reporting for duty were: Tuche, Chinquapin, Laurel, Make Haste, Papa's Tom-boy, Lorraine and N. E. Girl.

Whirlwind Jack, there are nine M. G. R. members in Kentucky.

K. C. Wilbert, send stamped, self-addressed envelope for the information you desire.

Chinquapin, your president is Miss Nora Williams, Chilhowie, Va.

Papa's Tom-boy, Mr. R. M. Humphrey, of Pulsher, is the M. G. R. president for Pennsylvania.

There's "something afoot" M. G. R's. Miss Prudence has "lighted on" a couple of ideas, and you are to have the benefit of them "after election."

H. L. N., Wash.:—I live near a beautiful lake surrounded by tall, evergreen timber. How some of our invalid friends would enjoy a boat-ride on the Crystal Lake water, as we fish for the speckled trout, or watch the wild ducks as they glide along.

I could tell many things of interest concerning the different tribes of Indians, of their habits, and the effort that has been made to Christianize and civilize them here in Northeastern Washington.

Let us have the descriptions by all means, H. L. N.

J. H. H., Ga.:—I live at the base of a range of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Northern Georgia, one of the most picturesque spots to be found in the South.

This country is unsurpassed for healthfulness; springs are abundant with pure water, clear as crystal. Driving along the road you will find them at every half mile running out from under some huge bluff, and always near at hand is the old-fashioned hickory gourd, which is in its if enough to tempt any one to drink, whether thirsty or not.

Our mountains are covered with chestnut trees; the nuts are now falling and in some places the ground is covered with them.

Little My, Ill.:—I like Bonnie Burnie's plan very much. The nom I use was given me when a mite of a girl by one of my favorite teachers.

I extend to Florence my condolence for her lonely hours, also congratulations on her success in getting the organ. I think there is nothing so nice as good music in a church.

Whirlwind Jack, Ky.:—I think our motto an excellent one. Our highest aim should be the uplifting of humanity, and we should do all in our power to make life brighter for some one.

I do not chew tobacco and drink "wild-cat" liquor, even if I am a "corn-cracker," but when it comes to fighting I'm not to hunt.

Forest Neeley, I think our lives are what God intended them to be, and that we have little or no control over them. Predestination? Perhaps it is, but the Bible teaches it, and common sense confirms it. "Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his footsteps."

I do not see any letters from this state. Arouse, O Kentuckians! come to the front and let's have a president.

Tuche, Ind.:—I have met the enemy and I am his, yet I am not discouraged, for my motto is "Try, try again." I have stood idly by for quite awhile listening to the interesting letters written by the M. G. R.'s, and am convinced that there is more pleasure in "receiving than giving" in this case; however, I shall do as I have done, the column would soon be like Bryan after the election, i. e.: Lost to the public.

Many members are Sunday-school teachers. I am only an every-day teacher, surely I'm not alone in the circle I would like to correspond with some wide-awake pedagogue; it would certainly be beneficial to both to exchange our views as to the best method of "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Chinquapin, Va.: I saw myself called for, so here I come, but am sorry to disappoint you in regard to the descriptions, as you know there is always something to do on a farm, and I have been unable to get to the battle fields, but will do so in the near future.

I think our motto good, and if I had not lost my position because of the Democratic administration I might have lived up to it by helping some poor children I know of, as it is, I must try to use plenty of kind words to make up for lack of money.

I have taken a fancy to Make Haste and hope he will write soon. I took my nom from a small nut which grows in abundance here.

Laurel, Kan.: Like Esther D., I think all Kansas parties can not be alike; ours are remarkable for the good behavior manifested.

For the past month I have been visiting about one hundred and fifty miles from my home, and while there had the pleasure of going down in a coal mine.

I got my nom at school. Some of the pupils proposed that we all accept a pet name which they would give us. I was called laurel, after the book Laurel Vane, which I had just been reading, and since then my real name is hardly known.

Lorraine, Ill.: I keep our motto where I can see it all the time, and try to obey it as nearly as I can. When I wrote my first letter to the M. G. Rs. I chose my middle name for my nom; that is why I sign myself Lorraine.

I shall not be able to come again very soon, for I am attending school, which opened September 7, and will last for five months. My big Newfoundland dog was bitten by a mad-dog last August and had to be shot.

Miss Prudence extends her sincere sympathy regarding the untimely taking off of the big Newfoundland.

Make Haste, Tenn.: I am now attending one of the best colleges south of the Mason and Dixon line. I have to study very hard to keep up with all my classes, and find only a few spare moments for writing, still, I must mingle my voice with this "clitter-clatter" once in awhile, or you would soon forget me, and that I do not wish.

I like you all. If you want proof of it, here it is. I grab The Blade as soon as it comes, and dive into the Column to read your messages, for they relieve my mind of the cares and turmoil of the week. Five days of close application calls for a few minutes, at least, of recreation, and in the M. G. R. I find great pleasure and rest.

School life is a continuous round of business with very little time for play, and the student who makes proper use of his time can testify that while it is to some extent pleasant, it is a hard way, and if it were not for the benefit derived from it they would be cheating themselves by remaining in school.

"Don't be forever doing what you have to do" was the command that gave rise to my nom, "Make Haste." I think it would be a good motto for others, but please do not take from me what rightly belongs to my nature.

Nocturnal narratives seem to be the fad just now among the Rounders. Last week we had one concerning "ghosts," and this week we have one "full of rich fragrance," or the suggestion of such—called a "true story" from

N. E. Girl, Mass.: One night I was roused from my slumbers by a fuss among the chickens, and Mamma and I sallied forth, with a lantern, to the rescue, arriving at the scene of action just in time to see the chickens flying out of the coop in every direction, while Mr. Skunk was retreating in the distance.

When we disappeared we caught the chickens and put them in a coop with another brood, a job which was not easy and which occupied about an hour's time. We then retired, only to repeat the performance two hours later. This time we found the skunk in the coop, which Mamma immediately tipped over to let the chicks escape, whereupon the intruder took to his heels, and so did we.

When we had gone a proper distance we returned and began a second chicken chase. It was longer and more exciting than the first, since we had two broods to catch instead of one, and when we found them all, we took them into the kitchen, emptied the wood-box, and put them into it, challenging Mr. Skunk to molest them there.

But, alas! we did not fasten them in, and next morning the feathered bipeds were wandering around the kitchen taking "an account of stock!"

Mamma declared she wouldn't have any such work as that another night, and evidently the chicks did not care to repeat the experience, for they went to roost in a tree the next night.

During the day we fixed a place in the hen house for them, and when it was dark, by the aid of a ladder, a long pole and some climbing, we succeeded in capturing the little rascals and depositing them in their final abiding place, much to our relief.

Architect, Ill.:—"I agree with D. D. T. that one does not necessarily need to be a church member in order to sing. On the contrary, in most of the churches in our town the majority of each choir are not members, but are regular in their attention.

"Regarding correspondence I can say from experience that much good may come from it, even with unknown people. Letters from them have proved helpful to me, and greatly influenced me toward good. It is also highly enjoyable. We learn much of their places of residence, habits, etc., which influence and interest us. Will some one who is ambitious to become an author please correspond with me, as I am inclined that way."

Lena Rivers, Mo.:—"I belong to the band of school-ma'ams, but I can make as good bread as Old Bach or Plowboy ever ate. Hazel Thornton, we welcome you back again; I quite envy you your mountain home.

"Thank you, Lapsus Calimi; I enjoyed my leap year visit very much. Bachelor's hall presented a very neat appearance, as did its owner. What part of Missouri was your native home?

"Addie is here again, with pleasant words for all; I hope she enjoyed her vacation. I'm a bit partial to 'Old Hoosier,' as that is my native state, but I 'aim to stand up' for Missouri and McKinley."

Wanda, Va.: Photographer says: "Home should be the sweetest spot on earth," and it certainly is, when presided over by a womanly woman. If women would devote as much of their time to making home pleasant, as they do to gossip, cycling and politics, they would come nearer to filling the mission God gave them.

A woman's sphere is home; her greatest attraction is her purity and modesty; her mission is to teach men to be noble and true, and she certainly loses their respect, and with it her influence, when she dons the bloomers, and becomes a politician.

I can see no possible harm in corresponding with unknown gentlemen where, as Rosebud says, the character of both individuals is good. I consider my unknown correspondents among my best friends, and the inspiring, elevating letters I have received from some of them have caused me to try to lead a better and more useful life.

Chrysanthemum, Ind.:—Lorraine, it is possible to have a church prosper without music if the people meet together only for the purpose of worshiping God.

Elsa, a woman may serve her loved ones in a better way than by being a mere household drudge; and there are more unaffectionate husbands caused by the slovenly appearance some women present after marriage than by their running about.

I notice the M. G. R.'s have widely different opinions as to what constitutes the New Woman. Is she the bold, masculine creature some would have us believe? or is she merely a courageous woman who has thrown off the shackles of weakness and conventionality that have for ages encumbered her sex?

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and
backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and
I did,n't know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll and
not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while,
you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, (though
I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such
a perfectly horrid name)
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the
answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell, if you can"—
For I thought of my doll, and—makes alive—
I answered—"Mary Ann!"
—Anna M. Pratt.

A BRAVE YOUNG TEACHER.

She Saved Her Scholars From a Mountain Lion.

In a town in the Rockies, a short while ago, a young girl, who taught in the little school house of the place, performed an act of heroism worthy of the highest commendation. One of her scholars had a pet antelope, a sweet, docile little creature, that followed its mistress to school, remaining quiet near the door during class hours.

One day it lay as usual near the door, lazily basking in the sunlight, while the children pored over their studies. Suddenly there came a light thud and a scream. There, with his forefeet crushing the little creature, crouched a big mountain lion, savagely switching his tail from side to side, and eyeing the children. The little tots, screaming wildly, ran to the furthest corner, huddling there in a heap.

The teacher, although pale with fear, did

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

SEALING AWARDS.

Effort to Come to Some Arrangement With Canadians.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 29.—Robert Lansing, one of the counsel for the representatives of the United States commission which is to meet in Victoria next month, is in this city. The commission is a joint one, and is made up of representatives of the United States and British governments. The commission will be final as to the award to be made to the British sealers seized in 1886. Mr. Lansing said: "The international commission which is to meet at Victoria about the middle of November is organized in accordance with the provisions of a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, signed February 8, 1896, at Washington City.

"In 1886 and 1887, the United States revenue cutters in Bering sea seized a number of Canadian vessels for sealing in those waters, and in 1889 the cutters boarded sealing vessels, seizing the arms and seal skins on board and ordering the vessels out of the sea. These schooners and other property seized were condemned by the United States court and sold. The claim under which the seizures were made was then stated by the United States to be that Bering sea was Alaskan waters, and therefore within the jurisdiction of this country. This Great Britain denied, and finally the matter was submitted to the tribunal of arbitration which met at Paris in the spring of 1893, and which decided he jurisdictional question adversely to the United States, thus establishing this government's liability for the seizures it had made. The question of the amount of damages sustained by the Canadian sealers was left to further diplomatic negotiation between the two countries.

"In accordance with this provision, Secretary of State Gresham came to an understanding with the British ambassador to pay to Great Britain a lump sum of $425,000. Both houses refused to appropriate the money. The alternative remaining was to submit the question joint commission and the treaty of February 8, 1896, was entered into for that purpose.

"The treaty provides for one commissioner to be appointed by each country, who shall take evidence at Victoria and San Francisco, and whose united decision shall be final on any question submitted to them; in cases where they disagree, the questions shall be decided by an umpire to be appointed by the president of the Swiss republic.

"The claims (numbering about 25) made by the Indians would, if fully allowed, amount to-day to $800,000. The United States commissioner is Hon. Wm. L. Putnam, of Portland, Me. United States circuit judge, and the counsel for the government are Hon. Don M. Dickinson and myself."

MINE EXPLOSION.

Two Heroes Lost Their Lives in Attempting Rescue.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 30.—A terrible explosion of gas occurred in No. 3 mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company in South Wilkesbarre between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Six men are known to be dead and two injured. It is not known yet how many men were in the mine at the time of the explosion, but 12 are reported missing, and it is believed all of these have perished.

The cause of the explosion will possibly never be known. The mine was idle for the day. Usually there are from 400 to 500 men employed in the mine. The only men in the mine yesterday afternoon were the company's hands and fire bosses who were at work in the rock tunnel changing the air course. The place was very gaseous and the men worked with safety lamps. It is believed the gas was ignited by a blast. David Williams, the driver boss, was at the head of the chute 400 feet away when the explosion occurred, and was hurled some distance and injured. He was the only one in that vicinity who escaped alive.

The explosion was so severe that it was plainly felt at the mouth of the shaft. The roof of the fan house was blown off, and all the airways and trattice inside were wrecked and blown away.

Besides those imprisoned in the mines two brave fellows who went down with the rescuing party were overcome by the gas and died. These heroes were Fire Boss William R. Jones and Assistant Mine Foreman John Joseph. Seven bodies have been recovered.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Relationship Between Them Is Discovered On Their Wedding Day.

New York, Oct. 28.—Joseph Allen, who is doing a song and dance turn at the Star theatre in Brooklyn, came near marrying Maud Harvey, who is doing a similar act at the same place. The reason he did not, he says, is that he discovered that she is his sister. The two were to have been married by Dr. Haughton at the Little Church Around the Corner last Sunday night.

"The story is true," said Allen yesterday afternoon. "My sister and myself were brought up in Chicago. Our family name is Byrne. I was adopted by a family named Monroe and Maude was adopted by another named Harvey. When I went on the stage I called myself 'Joe Allen.' When Maude took to the boards she kept her adopted parents' name.

"Four years ago we met at the Alhambra theatre, in London, where both of us were engaged. Our natures were so similar that we fell in love with each other. We corresponded regularly and occasionally met in towns where our engagements coincided as to date. Last Sunday we were to have been married. I sent for Edna, my other sister, to come on from Chicago. I took her to Miss Harvey's boarding-house, at 217 East Thirtieth street, New York. She immediately recognized her sister. By this slim chance we were both saved a life of awful misery."

CHASED BY A BULL.

Exciting Experience of Wheelwomen in New York State.

Groton, N. Y., Oct. 31.—The proximity of a friendly tree in which they took refuge was all that saved Violet and Louise Jordan from being gored to death by a bull Thursday. They were riding their bicycles through a field in which cattle were feeding, when a large bull gave chase. Just as the animal was about to overtake them they sprang from their wheels and scrambled into a large tree. The bull raved furiously about the tree for a few moments in an attempt to reach them, and then tossed the wheels about until they were badly wrecked. The animal finally lay down underneath the tree, and the frightened young women were compelled to remain among the branches for several hours, suffering severely from the cold. They were rescued by their father.

THE CASCADE LOCKS.

These Great Public Works Soon to Be Opened.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 30.—Cap. W. L. Fiske, corps of engineers, United States Army, has given notice to the public that the canal and locks of the Cascades of the Columbia will be opened for navigation November 5. For the present they will be operated for the passage of boats, only during the hours of daylight and it may be necessary to still further limit their use to certain hours of the day in order not to interfere too much with work still in progress. These locks have been under construction for more than fifteen years and the United States government has expended about $3,000,000 on them.

BREAKS ITS EXPORT RECORD.

New Orleans Sends Eight Loaded Vessels to Europe in One Day.

New Orleans, Oct. 30.—The exports from New Orleans to Europe Wednesday were the largest on record, including 60,000 bales of cotton, 338,000 bushels of grain and enough miscellaneous freight to fill eight large steamers.

MODEL TO MARRY.

Eva Cervantes to Wed a Man in the Wholesale Dry Goods Business.

New York, Oct. 31.—Eva Cervantes, who has been the favorite model of the artists of New York for five years, is to be married. She said Thursday when questioned about the matter:

"Well, yes. I do not envy the independence of the new woman. I am not at all anxious to support myself always. It is so good to rest upon the arm of a man as if one were a child and let him command, and place upon him the responsibility of everything, good or bad, that one does. Then, I am 20 years old, you know."

"Is your husband in Bohemia?"

"Oh, my, no," Eva replied. "He is in a land the geography of which artists do not know. He is in the heart of Philistia, in the wholesale dry goods district."

She would not tell his name.

"Trilby should not have talked with Little Billee's mother," she said. "Little Billee was an inspired little fool, but if Trilby had not talked with his mother, Trilby might have made something of him.

"Now, I am not going to my charming little philistine's mother before I am his wife, and I am sure that you are not anxious to make her come and sermonize me, so that I will promise never to see the dazzling son again. No, we love each other. I am his equal. He wants to marry me. I don't know why anybody should interfere."

A HOLY TERROR.

Big Husband Gets a Divorce Because He Is Afraid.

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 29.—Judge Prentice presided in the Superior court Tuesday at the Wolfe divorce hearing. The suit was brought by Charles H. Wolfe, for absolute divorce from his wife, Clara S. Wolfe, on the ground of intolerable cruelty.

The plaintiff is a big broad-shouldered man, and the defendant is a meek-looking little woman, with watery eyes and sickly smile. Mr. Wolfe swore that he was afraid of her because she had thrashed him twice, and threatened to kill him times without number.

The defendant's mother testified that she had seen her daugher strike Mr. Wolfe several times. Another witness testified that he had taken several meals at the Wolfe residence, and it was not an unusual sight before the meal was over to see Clara shy dishes at Mr. Wolfe's head. Once he saw Clara go behind her husband's chair at supper and pour hot tea down his neck.

Miss Fannie Porter told how Clara had shown her a wide oak stick, that looked like a molasses trier, which Clara had told her she used to whip her husband with. She had asked Clara how she used it, and she had described how she had ordered her husband to lie over a chair. Then she pounded him.

Judge Prentice immediately granted Mr. Wolfe a divorce.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Young Woman Drops Dead After a Dance.

New York, Oct. 29.—The tragic death of Miss Minnie Weber, daughter of Jacob Weber, at the entertainment and ball of the New Brunswick, N. J., Turn Verein, in Zimmerman's hall on Monday night, turned smiles and laughter to tears and sorrow. Death came just after a dance. She had bid her partner a smiling adieu and throwing a wrap over her shoulders, turned to take her father's arm to leave the hall. She took a step, then grew white and fell in a heap on the floor.

Simple remedies failed, and a messenger was sent for Dr. Maas, the family physician. He came in haste, felt of her pulse, listened for the beating of the heart. "I can do nothing," he said; "she is dead."

The band had started a merry two-step, but a member of the committee hurried to the leader and the music stopped in the middle of a bar. It was announced that the entertainment would be postponed.

Miss Weber's death was due to heart trouble. The last attack was due to excitement and unusual exercise. She had not danced for several years, and did so to please a friend.

THE PRESIDENT.

Refuses Pardon to Col. Luther Hall, the Georgia Ex-Congressman.

Columbus, O., Oct. 29.—Warden Coffin received a telegram yesterday afternoon from Private Secretary Thurber stating that President Cleveland refuses to grant a pardon to Col. Luther Hall, the dying Georgia ex-Congressman, serving a life term in the penitentiary for conspiracy to murder a federal officer. The two daughters of Col. Hall, who arrived here Monday to care for their father, are nearly prostrated with grief at the President's action. They had confidently expected that a pardon would be granted.

More than 12,000 representative citizens of Georgia petitioned for a pardon on behalf of the prisoner, and there seemed no doubt that it would be granted. It is certain that Col. Hall can live but a few days, as his malady, that of dropsy, is of such a form that the prison physicians state his condition is absolutely hopeless. It develops that the official whose life was conspired against was a relative of Mr. Cleveland, and many believe that this explains the President's unrelenting position in the case.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Courts Can Not Interfere With the Postmaster General.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Judge Grosscup refused to grant an injunction against Postmaster Hessing in the Lansing & Co., bucketshop matter. In refusing the injunction the court said the power lodged in the postmaster general was a great one and ought to be restricted but it could not be restricted by an injunction of the court. The one issue of importance raised by Henry Stephen, the attorney for the bucket shop people was that the law authorizing the issuance of fraud orders contemplated only lottery and similar schemes, and the sentence whereby authority to reach out after other alleged frauds could only be construed as referring to lottery schemes. Judge Grosscup said he was of the opinion that the law covered every scheme to defraud.

WILL BE CREMATED.

Preparations for the Reception of Kate Field's Remains.

San Francisco, Oct. 31.—The remains of the late Kate Field, who died in Honolulu some months ago, will be cremated in this city. Arrangements for such disposition of the body have been completed by a committee of ladies who have taken charge of the matter. Miss Field's remains will arrive here on the steamer Australia from Honolulu next Tuesday. That they be cremated is the wish of Mrs. Sol. Smith, a cousin of Miss Field. Mrs. Henry E. Highton and Mrs. Ada VanPelt, of the Woman's Press Association, have co-operated with Mrs. Smith, and the final details will be completed in a few days as to the nature of the services to be held. Trinity Episcopal church, of San Francisco, has been selected as the place, and the Rev. George E. Edward Walk will conduct the services.

A WAR OF WORDS.

Harvard and Princeton Complete Arrangements for a Debate.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 30.—Arrangements for the Harvard-Princeton debate have been completed, the contest to take place in Princeton, and Harvard to have the choice of sides. The subject will be: "Resolved, That, assuming the adoption of adequate constitutional amendments the United States should adopt a system of responsible Cabinet government." The debates will take place November 18.

SAD SUICIDE.

Promising Young Civil Engineer Became Despondent.

Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Stephen S. Gregory, a fellow in civil engineering at Cornell University, who returned this fall from the University of Texas, was found dead Thursday night. He had poisoned himself. The deed was due to despondency brought on by worry and overwork. A letter to his brother indicated that he had decided to kill himself because he felt his nerves were weakening.

AFRAID OF IT.

Canadian Customs Officers Will Refuse American Silver.

Windsor, Ont., Oct. 30.—The customs office at Windsor takes in about $2,000 daily and most of it is silver money of the United States. The officers are not supposed to take the silver, and the law allows them to demand payment for duty in gold. The customs receipts are deposited for the government with the Bank of Commerce. While the customs officials and the bank managers will not state that United States silver is to be refused, yet it has been learned on the best of authority that nothing but gold will be taken at the customs office after this week, and it may be demanded today.

The banks have come to the conclusion that the quantity deposited by the customs officers is too great for them to handle. The customs authorities will not ask for United States silver at a discount, but will absolutely refuse to take it. Some persons say that the banks are forcing this step because they do not want to accept American silver in any quantities, and want the customs office to incur what public displeasure will arise from such an action. The express companies and every other concern in the city, with few exceptions, will have to follow the example of the customs office.

LOUISVILLE'S CITY FATHERSS.

Are Badly Mixed Up in Corruption and Politics.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31.—The grand jury has ordered indictments drawn against four members of the general council for bribery in connection with the recent election of sinking fund commissioners. The men accused are Alderman Jenne and Councilmen Webber, Fulton and Sowders, all representatives of the A. P. A. In the grand jury's instructions to the commonwealth's attorney the men are charged with voting on measures in which they were directly interested.

For some time there have been stories of several members of the general council holding their offices in violation of the city charter, which prohibits any employ of the city or member of the general council being interested in any contracts with the city of any character. A large number of city officials and prominent citizens have been appearing before the grand jury for a week past and when the evidence upon which the indictments are based is made public another municipal sensation is expected. The indicted parties are Republicans, and as the mayoralt- contest divides interest with national issues at the present time, the grand jury's action will have great political effect; in fact the Republicans charge that the grand jury have ordered the indictments for political reasons alone, with no hope of conviction.

SHARKS TOO PLENTY.

Man Enters of the Deep Prevent Repairs to a Disabled Ship.

San Francisco, Oct. 31.—The first mate of the tramp steamer Linlithgow, which drifted helpless for nearly two months before it could reach port, says great schools of sharks were about the steamer, and so vicious were they that they would snap at the ends of any ropes thrown over the sides. The men were trying to pass cables under the propeller to bind it in places so that it and the piece of the tail shaft would not fall away, leaving the bearing clear for the inflow of water. The viciousness of the sharks made the work extremely hazardous. Under ordinary circumstances, with a moderately smooth sea, a fairly expert swimmer could pass a line under the propeller by diving, but the sharks prevented any such plan. The men with poles for two days were trying to poke a line in place, but they failed.

ELEPHANT LOOSE.

Only a Little One, but He Raised a Big Row.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 30.—A baby elephant caused lots of excitement at the Philadelphia and Reading station here. It was being transported from Pottsville to New York. After the train left Pottsville the elephant broke loose and smashed everything in his way. The express messengers became alarmed and fled from the car. Word was telegraphed to the express officials of this city to be prepared to meet the train. W. H. Sinders, the local agent, had a force of men to subdue the enraged elephant. When the train came to a stop the express car was opened. Boxes, packages, barrels, etc., were strewn along the floor and among them sat the elephant in triumph. Mr. Sinders ventured into the car and after a little coaxing got the animal under control.

FITZHUGH LEE.

He Is Coming Back On Purely Private Matters.

Havana, Oct. 31.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the United States consul-general here, in an interview with the correspondent of The Associated Press, confirmed the statements made to the same representative on Wednesday night, namely, that he is going to the United States to visit his family and attend to private business.

Continuing, the general said to-day that it was only natural that he should see President Cleveland and Secretary Olney while in the United States, but he authorized the correspondent of The Associated Press to deny that he has informed any correspondent that he is going to Washington in order to confer with the President on the Cuban situation.

A BRAKEMAN'S DEATH.

While Endeavoring to Wave a Signal He Was Killed.

New York, Oct. 1.—In deavoring to wave a salute to his wife, Charles Rithrick, a railroad brakeman, residing at No. 310 Bergenline avenue, Union Hill, lost his life at Kingston, N. Y., Wednesday afternoon.

Rithrick knew that his wife was scheduled to pass the freight upon which he was a brakeman at Kingston. As his train slowed up on a siding, he leaped down with the intention of waving his hand to his wife as she passed by. In jumping from his train he landed directly in the path of the approaching engine.

Mrs. Rithrick was not informed of her husband's death until she reached her destination.

A QUEER CASE.

Chinese Society's Peculiar Methods Brought Out In Court.

Great Barrington, Oct. 31.—A Chinese note for $400 has got Long Yee Lim, of Great Barrington, into trouble. The plaintiff in the suit, which is on trial in the district court, is the Long Yee Lee Tong society, of No. 22 Pell street, New York.

The defendant denies that he ever saw the note until it was presented for payment, or that he ever received any money from the Long Yee Tong. He also says the society is organized for gambling, and when its rooms were raided by the police he was suspected of furnishing information. He says this suit is a part of a conspiracy by the society to get even with him.

According to the face of the note, it drew interest of 180 per cent a year.

VANDERBILT BETTER.

Stricken Millionaire Now Able to Walk Without Assistance.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 31.—Cornelius Vanderbilt is rapidly improving in health and begins to take an interest in what is going on about him. He can now walk without assistance, but his right arm is still paralyzed.

He drives out each afternoon with his wife, and is often seen in the business part of the city. He attends the afternoon services at Trinity church each Sunday, and has given notice to the sexton that he will use his pew all winter.

NEARLY DROWNED BY WHALES.

Two New Jersey Fishermen Have a Startling Experience.

Cape May, N. J., Nov. 2.—While E. P. Stiles and ex-Mayor Hildreth were fishing three miles off shore Saturday for sea trout, they were startled by a school of four huge whales which were sending fountains of water into the air. The terrified fishermen were drenched to the skin by the water thrown by the whales and their boat also had some water in it. They bailed out the boat, and then pulled for the shore to escape the second downpour. They say that the whales were sixty feet in length.

SHE GOT THERE.

Actress Catches a Train, but is Clad Only in a Mackintosh.

Pittsburg, Oct. 31.—Anna Ward, of the Digby Bell company had to catch an early train at Greensburg the other day, and while she "got there," she did so with her wardrobe in her satchel, instead of where she is accustomed to wear it. Tired out after a hard day's travel and a long performance, Miss Ward retired, leaving a call for 3:30 a. m., which allowed her plenty of time to dress and catch the 4:30 a. m. train. Owing to a forgetful clerk, Miss Ward and her roommate, Miss Bender, were awakened a couple of minutes before 4:30 a. m. by the company's manager pounding on the door. There was no time to lose, with the depot two blocks from the hotel.

Knowing that to miss that train would entail a heavy fine, Miss Ward hastily jammed her wearing apparel into a grip, donned a mackintosh and, accompanied by Miss Bender, who was arrayed in the same way, hastened out of the hotel. Shoeless, stockingless and hatless, the young actresses fairly flew along Greensburg's principal thoroughfare toward the depot. The early rural risers rubbed their eyes at the sight of the two girls, and thought they had awakened in fairyland. The girls, loaded down with packages, made as good time as they could, finally getting on the train as it was about to leave the depot.

GREEK CHURCH.

Impressive Dedication in Seattle Yesterday.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 2.—The only Russian Greek church on the Pacific coast, north of San Francisco, was dedicated yesterday in this city by Rt. Rev. Bishop Nicholas, of the diocese of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, assisted by Rev. Ambrose Wretta, D. D., and two candidates for the priesthood. The decorations were elaborate and the rich robes and vestments found a fitting background in the vivid coloring of the altars and their trappings. The flags of the United States and Greece were conspicuously displayed. The musical programme was of a high order. Bishop Nicholas' title fails to convey an idea of the extent of his diocese, which includes the entire United States. There is a rumor that he will soon be consecrated an archbishop. The parish erected to-day is the twenty-fifth in the United States. His eminence has only been in America four years, and all of the organization has been carried on under his supervision. His headquarters are in San Francisco. He has twice been decorated by the czar.

CARELESS ROBBERS.

Blew Open a Safe, People Thought an Earthquake Occurred.

Wilkesbarre Pa., Nov. 2.—A daring attempt was made early yesterday morning to rob the postoffice at Plymouth. The door of the big safe was blown off by giant powder with such force that it shook the surrounding buildings. People living in the vicinity thought an earthquake had occurred, and they hastily dressed and came out on the streets. Smoke was seen coming from the postoffice, and the fire department called out.

It was found that sparks from the powder had set fire to the mail bags. The flames were soon extinguished. Postmaster Calary upon his arrival found all the valuables in the safe untouched. The robbers evidently got scared at the loud report and fled. No arrests have been made as yet. An hour after the explosion a closed carriage was seen going at a breakneck speed in the direction of Pittston.

DRUNKEN CHILDREN.

Girl and Boy Sent to Reformatory Institutions by a New York Judge.

New York, Nov. 2.—A 14-year-old girl, found intoxicated on the streets, and a 16-year-old boy, whose father complained that he was a habitual drunkard, were among the prisoners arraigned in Jefferson market police court. The girl was Lena Brownell, who, with her mother, Mary, and her cousin, James Hayes, 20 years old, was found staggering drunk at Thirty-second street and Eighth avenue at 1 o'clock this morning. The girl was turned over to the Gerry society. The boy was John Siron. His father, of 430 West Seventeenth street, was the complainant against him. He said that for the past year the boy had come home every night, and when remonstrated with smashed the crockery and broke the furniture. He had forgiven him, but had concluded that it was time to take stern measures to reform him. Magistrate Mott committed him to the house of refuge.

ALIEN CONTRACT LABOR.

Good Sized Consignment Landed in New York.

New York, Nov. 3.—Six hundred Italians arrived at Ellis Island yesterday on the Clive, the first of the steamships of the new rival to the Mediterranean lines. The agents for the new line are C. B. Richards & Co. When the immigrants were counted it was learned that at least three "groups" were not on the ship's manifest. The owners of a vessel are liable to a fine of $10 for each passenger whose name does not appear on the manifest. The immigration authorities learned to-day that most of the Genoese and Sicilian passengers were bound south, and it was said that it was their intention to work in the Louisiana canebrakes. Further investigation will be made.

SCHRADER IN NEW YORK.

The "Divine Healer" Working Gotham's Gullible.

New York, Nov. 2.—Augustus Schrader, the so-called "divine healer," gave his first public exhibition at Salters' park, yesterday afternoon, and applied his "divine" treatment to the lame, the halt and the blind. Not one of the persons treated gave any indication of having been cured, but several said they felt better. The methods employed by the "healer" with those who did not mention the source of their trouble was first to press his right hand over the forehead for a moment, looking fixedly into the eyes of the patient, then to put his hand partially over their eyes and again press hard. He then pressed both the right breast and the left, and then finished up on the stomach. This he called "blessing" them.

QUEER INTERMENT.

Miss Hester Smith is Buried in the Center of New York City.

New York, Nov. 2.—There was a burial Friday in the cemetery on Second street, between First and Second avenues. It was in the heart of the city right under the windows of blocks of tall tenements.

Miss Hester Smith died at her home near Marlborough, Ulster county, Wednesday night, in her 86th year. She was the daughter of Daniel Smith, whose name was a power in mercantile New York before Commodore Vanderbilt organized the Staten Island ferry.

All the gentle old spinster's associations were of the time when the Marble cemetery was a fashionable place of interment, so they lifted the great slab of blue stone off the entrance to the Smith vault and laid her where Smiths have been buried for nearly a century.

SOLID BETTING.

Wager for the Benefit of a Confederate Burial Place in Virginia.

Woodstock, Va., Nov. 2.—The Confederate cemetery at Mount Jackson, this county, in which are buried 500 Confederate dead, may be benefited by a bet which Dr. Joseph T. Triplett, president of the Mount Jackson National Bank, of that place, proposes to make of $500 against $200. If Bryan is elected and silver currency depreciates during the four years of his administration his $500 shall be used to repair the cemetery. If silver currency, on the other hand, does not depreciate during the Bryan administration the $200 are to be turned over for like improvements.

Death of a Noted Pennsylvanian.

Allentown, Pa., Oct. 30.—Ex-Congressman John D. Stiles, who was the oldest member of the Lehigh county bar, has died at his home in this city from the effects of a paralytic stroke. He was 75 years of age.

Good morning. Have you read Thos. Slater's offer for men on page 8

WINTER AND MACKINTOSH FREE to examine. Tested in any climates in place of Overcoats. Just the thing for rainy or stormy weather, waterproof, neat durable and stylish. $2.95 Days $5.00 Nights. Your choice Gents one cape. Ladies two capes made of Black or Navy Blue Diagonal fancy ribbed cloth, sewed waterproof seams. Sizes—fancy plaid lining. Ladies—plain rubber lining.

$4.95 Days $7.95 Nights. Made from extra heavy, all wool, Black or Navy Blue waterproof Cheviot cloth, extra heavy cape, lined with heavy plaid lining. Heavy enough for a warm winter overcoat.

OUR ASTONISHING OFFER. Cut this advt out. Send to us without one cent, state coat wanted number of inches around the body as chest taken over outside coat and we will send the coat to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination, you can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory as represented as to a wonderful bargain, pay the express agent our price and express charges and the coat is yours. If not satisfactory Don't Pay a Cent.

WE SEND FREE to any address on application a beautiful assortment of cloths, fashions, etc., etc. of everything we handle in Mackintoshes. Send for it. Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.**, Incorporated, Chicago, Ills., U. S. A. 32 to 36 Fulton Street.

Mention Blade.

FRENCH WAR VESSEL.

Crashes Into an American Schooner, Wrecking Her Badly Forward.

New York, Oct. 31.—The French cruiser Dubordieu, which has been anchored in the North river since her arrival here two weeks ago, tripped her anchor Wednesday afternoon and headed seaward-bound for Norfolk. She saluted Admiral Bunce's flag as she came abreast of his flagship, the New York, anchored off Tomkinsville, and the American cruiser returned the salute.

The visiting Frenchmen drifted out of the smoke of the saluting guns, found her way into the ship channel, and nothing more was heard of her until late Wednesday night, when the tug Carrie A. Ramsay appeared off Bay Ridge with a half-wrecked schooner in tow. The craft was the Maine-built schooner Carrie E. Pickering. She was bound for Rockland, Me., but her journey had been interrupted by the French cruiser, whose bow had torn away her head booms, smashing in her bulwarks forward, and carried away her chain plates. Capt. F. A. Haskell, of the Pickering, said that it was all the fault of the cruiser.

As men-of-war are exempt from libel, the French consulate will be called upon to settle the claim for damages, which amounts to about $10,000.

WEALTHY WIDOW.

Donates Her Residence for the Use of Her Unfortunate Sisters.

New York, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Minnie L. Cummings, the wealthy widow and authoress, noted for her many practical schemes of philanthropy, has just made her most notable gift to her less fortunate sisters by giving her palatial residence at Elberton, N. J., The Towers, which was for a long time the summer residence of the late Ambassador Runyon, to the Women's Property Protective League, an association founded by her for the protection of homeless and unfortunate women of gentle birth and education who have lost their homes and station in life through no fault of their own. The Towers will be a place where these women may reside until they are in a position to become self-supporting or recover property to which they may have a claim and of which they have been unjustly deprived. To recover this property will also be one of the aims of the association.

CATASTROPHE AVERTED.

Hard Work Prevents a Seven-Story Structure From Falling.

New York, Nov. 2.—All of Saturday night a gang of 25 men worked under the supervision of Chief Building Inspector O'Connor tying the walls of a new seven-story building at 508 Broome street to cables lashed on great beams sunk beneath the adjoining building. The seven-story building was falling. In 24 hours the eastern wall had listed 12 inches from the plumb line. At that rate of progress it would have passed the center of gravity in another eight hours and the 80-foot wall would have descended upon the building adjoining. Building Superintendent Constable said: "The foundations were very bad. I find the walls are composed of broken brick, second-hand material, poorly laid. The masonry is also very bad. We shall tear those walls down to the fourth story. What will be done after that is to be determined later." Another Buddensiek horror was narrowly averted.

AN IMPORTANT SUIT.

One Commenced That is of Interest to Bankers.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 2.—A suit of more than usual interest to bankers has been submitted to the United States Court. It is that of Robert T. Gibbons, receiver of the City National Bank of Greenville, against Henry N. Anderson and John J. Foster, directors. Leroy Moore was president of the bank and when it failed in June, 1893, he was found to be a debtor of the amount of $175,000 or for three and a half times the total capital of the bank. In October, 1892, his indebtedness, direct and as indorser, was $121,000 and the comptroller of the treasury ordered a curtailment. The bank was managed entirely by Moore and the directors let him increase his liability by $54,000 before the failure. The suit is to determine whether the directors can be held financially responsible for their neglect of duty. Some of the testimony is sensational in its nature.

TORNADOES

Create Sad Havoc and Death in the Southwest.

Vicksburg, Miss., Oct. 30.—Tensas parish was frightfully afflicted by a tornado yesterday about noon. Six negroes were killed and there was great destruction of buildings on various plantations. Seven houses were destroyed in the town of St. Joseph. The course of the storm was from the southwest to northwest, striking Bruen Lake at Locust Land, tearing down and destroying the public bridge over Choctaw bayou. Twelve cabins on the Locust land were completely demolished, and one colored woman was instantly killed, and several were blown into the lake.

DEFIES THE GUNS.

Captain of the Dauntless Says He Will Leave Port.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 30.—A special to the Journal from Fernandina, Fla., says: Capt. Lomm, of the filibuster Dauntless, now lying under the guns of revenue cutter Windom, Capt. Hand says he is going to Jacksonville to-morrow. Hand says he will sink the tug if she moves, and Lomm says, "All right, get ready your small boats to pick my men up, for I shall certainly make the attempt."

Oklahoma Bill Kills Himself.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 2.—"Oklahoma Bill," alias William Payne, alias Pratt, committed suicide here by shooting. He is said to have been a member of the famous Dalton gang of outlaws, and was out on bond on a charge of highway robbery, committed in Oklahoma. Sickness and worry over his trial, which was to have come up Saturday, caused him to take his life.

FOREIGN.

VENEZUELA TROUBLE

Is Causing Considerable Agitation Abroad.

London, Oct. 30.—The Chronicle makes the following statement this morning:

"There is good reason to believe that a tribunal similar to the Bering Sea commission, with Sir Richard Webster, the attorney general, representing England, will be appointed to solve the Venezuelan boundary affair."

A high official of the foreign office referring to the statement made by the Chronicle this morning, that there is good reason to believe that a tribunal, similar to the Bering Sea commission will be appointed to adjust the Venezuelan boundary affair, said this afternoon that he had no knowledge of the appointment of such a tribunal. Asked if such a tribunal should be appointed, would all the territory affected by Venezuela be included in the arbitration he replied:

"That is the essence of the whole matter. Venezuela only claimed all along the territory to the bank of the Esquibo. Every one knows that a portion was settled by the Dutch, and Venezuela throughout has been so stubborn in the matter that it has been impossible to arrive at any conclusion. If the entire disputed territory was submitted to arbitration it might involve giving up the greater part of the colony. However, the matter is now under discussion, and while a state matter is being discussed I must await a report before expressing an opinion."

Not Confirmed at Washington.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Close inquiry here into the intimation from London that Sir Richard Webster has been selected as a member of a commission to arbitrate the Venezuelan boundary question fails to develop confirmation of any sort for the statement. While the negotiations are progressing, they have not reached the stage where they relate to the personnel of an arbitration commission, but are still devoted to a discussion of the limitations to be imposed upon any commission to be created.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Bismarck's Disclosure Causes Excitement.

London Oct. 29.—Prince Bismarck's disclosure of the existence of the Russo-German entente during the last years of his tenure of office has had a startling and disturbing effect both in Berlin and Vienna, to say nothing of Paris, and the eruption is regarded as imperiling the dreibund.

A feeling of distrust has been aroused between the allies, and doubts are expressed in some quarters as to whether the dreibund will be renewed in 1897.

May Prosecute Bismarck.

Berlin, Oct. 29.—The German government is profoundly irritated at the disclosure made by the Hamburger Nachrichten. Prince Bismarck's organ, in stating that a defensive alliance existed between Russia and Germany during the last years Prince Bismarck was in office. It is also stated that the government is thinking of prosecuting the Hamburger Nachrichten and "those by whom it is inspired," evidently referring to the ex-chancellor.

Public opinion generally in Germany condemns Prince Bismarck's revelations, and allusions are made to his "indiscreet loquacity, which is gradually tarnishing his glorious reputation."

The Chancellor's Own Medicine.

London, Oct. 29.—A special despatch from Berlin says that it is understood there that the proposed prosecution of Prince Bismarck's organ, the Hamburger Nachrichten for publishing state secrets, has been abandoned out of fear of the harm such a step might do to Germany's foreign policy. It is added that, however, should Prince Bismarck publish the circumstances under which he resigned office, the government will be forced to act and it is said it would probably treat Prince Bismarck in the same manner that the latter treated Count Von Arnim.

Count Von Arnim was arrested in October, 1874 and confined in Berlin for refusing to give up documents sent to him as ambassador. On account of illness he was released on bail some three weeks later but was again arrested in about two weeks time. He was tried in December, 1874, was convicted of making away with ecclesio-political documents, was acquitted of other charges and was sentenced to three months imprisonment. He appealed, was tried again in June, 1875, and a verdict was rendered confirming the sentence.

In November of the same year it was announced that Count Von Arnim was to be prosecuted for treason in a pamphlet entitled "Pro Nihilo," published at Zurich, in January, 1879 the count published "Quid Faciamus Nos," and in May 1881 he died at Nice, as a result. It was said by Prince Bismarck's enemies, of the persecution to which he had been subjected by the chancellor.

Viewed in France.

Paris, Oct. 29.—The Figaro, commenting on the disclosures made by Prince Bismarck in the Hamburger Nachrichten, regarding the secret alliance between Germany and Russia from 1884 to 1890 says:

"Russia discovered that the treaty was a veritable delusion for her and when Prince Bismarck asked her in 1887 to renew her declaration of her neutrality in the event of the attack upon France, which was then planning in Germany, Russia formally refused to do so and, thereafter, all the blandishments of Prince Bismarck only served to increase the friendship of France and Russia."

The Matin is of the opinion that the disclosure of the secret treaty was intended to make France suspicious of Russia and adds that it has had the contrary effect.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE.

Have a Nice Little Arrangement in Case of War.

London, Oct. 30.—A dispatch to the Pall Mall Gazette from Copenhagen, this afternoon, relative to the enormous sums which are being expended by the Danish government upon the fortification of Copenhagen, says that this work is undertaken in pursuance of a secret understanding arrived at between Russia and France, by which Russia guarantees the integrity of Denmark, and that, should a favorable occasion arise, she will insist upon part of Schleswig-Holstein inhabited by Danes, being restored to Denmark in case a plebiscite of the inhabitants expresses the desire of the people that this step should be taken.

On the other hand the dispatch adds, Denmark undertakes, should Russia be engaged in war to place at her disposal the harbors, forts and ship building yards of Copenhagen, which, it is pointed out as a base of operations against North Germany, are worth 100,000 men.

THE "UNSPEAKABLE TURK."

Turkey's Sultan Shows Signs of Being Good.

Constantinople, Oct. 29.—Since the recent visit of the Russian ambassador, M. De Nelidoff, to the sultan and the long, important audience which followed, it is noticeable that there has been another change for the better in the attitude of Abdul Hamed and his advisers towards the Armenians in particular and the reform policy in general. It is known that M. De Nelidoff used very plain language to the sultan, and it is apparent that the latter was convinced that the Russian ambassador was in earnest. This, supplemented by grave reports received by the sultan from the Turkish embassies at London and Paris, pointing out the distrust and irritation caused by the attitude of Turkey, has brought about eager professions upon the part of the Turkish government of desire to honestly push the work of reform and, as a commencement five Christian deputy governors have been appointed in Armenia and it is probable that there will be changes shortly in the composition of the Turkish ministry.

IN THE SOUDAN.

The Englishmen Are Getting Entirely Too Progressive.

Paris, Oct. 29.—A special dispatch from Cairo says that the commander of the Egyptian forces, Sir Herbert Kitchener, intends to demand an addition of 664,000 to the military estimates, which already exceed the amount permitted by the international convention of 1885. The object of Sir Herbert Kitchener in asking for more money is said to be the raising of the effectiveness of the Egyptian army to 15,000 men, and to continue the reconquest of the Soudan. It is further stated that the railroad from Dongola to Merour will be completed in a few months, that four months provisions for an army of 15,000 men will be stored at Merour, and that the advance of Berber and Khartoum will recommence probably in March next.

It is understood that France and Russia will protest against the expedition and oppose the increase in the effective strength of the Egyptian army.

THE RUSSIANS ALSO.

They Are Also Having Trouble With the Silver Question.

London, Oct. 30.—The correspondent of the London Times at Berlin furnishes his newspaper with an important statement regarding the finances of Russia. He says: "I hear from St. Petersburg that the czar has decided to postpone the currency reform which it was propos

M'KINLEY IS VICTOR!

Sound Money, Protection and Reciprocity Triumph.

The House of Representatives Has a Big Republican Majority, Also.

The Republican party is again returned to power in the national government. William McKinley is elected President, and the next House of Representatives is Republican by a majority of at least 100.

The Republicans have carried every state from Maine to Virginia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, with Minnesota and Iowa beyond it, and with the probability of one or two others also.

There are some surprise, too. Think of Texas being in doubt! Yet that is the fact at this writing.

Not only has McKinley carried the electoral college, but he will have a large majority of the popular vote—at least one million. The states which ranged themselves under his banner are those which contain the majority of the people. They number about 38,000,000 in population, while the Bryan states have but about 24,000,000. They are the most prosperous portion of the country. They have most of the industrial establishments, the larger share of the commerce domestic and foreign; the larger proportion of savings bank deposits, life insurance policies, and other kinds of savings. They are filled with workingmen.

The electoral vote is divided as given in the following table:

For McKinley.

Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Indiana	15
Illinois	24
Iowa	13
Kansas	10
Kentucky	12
Maine	6
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	14
Minnesota	9
New Hampshire	4
New Jersey	10
New York	36
Ohio	23
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	4
Virginia	12
Wisconsin	12

For Bryan.

Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
California	9
Colorado	4
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Idaho	3
Louisiana	8
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
Montana	3
Nebraska	8
Nevada	3
North Carolina	11
South Dakota	4
South Carolina	9
South Dakota	4
Tennessee	12
Texas	15
Utah	3
Washington	4
West Virginia	6
Wyoming	3

Returns show that congressmen have been elected as follows:

Republican	200
Democrats	59
Populists	15
Sound Money Democrats	4

Some Claims.

The table above tells the story. Some of the details from the various states follow. Owing to the great volume of matter the early bulletins are dropped and only the latest news given. A fitting lead for this are a few expressions from Republican leaders.

Million Popular Plurality.

Cleveland, Nov. 3.—Chairman Hanna Says McKinley will have over a million plurality on popular vote.

Plenty of Congressmen.

New York, Nov. 3.—Joseph Manley tells the Times that the Republicans will have 244 congressmen.

Platt Claims 300.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 3.—Chairman Republican Congressional committee claims 100 majority against silver in the next house.

New York, Nov. 3.—Platt claims Republicans will have 300 electoral votes.

Quay Says Less.

Pittsburg, Nov. 3.—Senator M. S. Quay Says McKinley will have 271 electoral votes.

Was a Landslide.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The 3 a. m. edition of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Record and Chronicle all claim strongly the election of McKinley and Hobart and characterize the vote as a landslide.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—That William McKinley is elected President, that the next Congress will be controlled in both branches by genuine Republicans, and that sectional lines are obliterated by the splendid support given him from the South, is now an assured fact. It is only a question of majorities. The great Mississippi valley, which was looked to with fear and trembling by the business interests of the country, will give its solid electoral vote to McKinley and rebuke of repudiation. Also Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, both the Dakotas, Iowa and Kansas have, it is believed, given their solid electoral vote to the Republican candidate.

High Times in Chicago.

Chicago is wild with excitement. Bands are playing, whistles blowing, the blare of horns and the shouts of people are heard throughout the great city which has been the headquarters of all the great political parties to this contest.

In front of the Republican hall is a mass of shouting, cheering, struggling humanity, while about the Democratic headquarters is a little knot of astonished spectators who gazed silently upon the great canvas which had been erected in the confident expectation that upon it would be announced the election of the candidate of repudiation and dishonor.

The Indications.

At this hour—2 a. m.—all indications point to a solid vote from the Upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys for McKinley, with possibly the exception of Mr. Bryan's own state. The definite figures can not be obtained, but from reports reaching Republican headquarters the indications are that the majority in Illinois will be 100,000; Wisconsin, 120,000; Indiana, 40,000; Michigan, 30,000; Minnesota, 28,000; both the Dakotas safe; Iowa, 75,000 and Kansas fairly within the Republican lines once more.

The Solid South Broken.

The most remarkable development comes from the South, where it seems, from present advices, that the Republicans have carried six or more states. Kentucky is believed to have given from 15,000 to 18,000 majority for McKinley, and Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and Tennessee are also Republican by safe figures.

A dispatch received by Col. Perry S. Heath, the head of the literary bureau, from ex-Treasurer Houston, of Texas, says that the indications are that state may be Republican.

Altgeld Defeated.

It is now generally conceded that Gov. Altgeld, in this state, is defeated, and his anarchistic methods and sentiments thoroughly rebuked. The Illinois delegation will probably be nearly, if not quite, solid, and at least ten of the delegation from Indiana is claimed as certain.

The Senate Republican.

One especially gratifying feature of the result is the probability — nay, almost certainty—that the sound money Republicans will control the United States Senate as against the silver men of any and all parties. It is believed that Senators Blackburn, Peffer, Voorhees, Hill, Palmer, Allen and Vilas and several others, will be succeeded by Republicans; while it is not improbable, from present indications, that three or four of the Silver Republicans will be succeeded by sound money men, or will themselves fall into line with their party.

A New Tariff Law.

This assures McKinley, as president, of the support of both branches of congress in behalf of the enactment of a new tariff, based upon true protection, and also assures the country that the attempt to bring about free coinage upon the plans proposed by the silver mine-owners will never be successful.

The house will have a good working majority. How large it will be cannot be determined at this hour, but it will be large enough for safe business purposes. Of course, definite figures at this hour are not possible; but no doubt remains of the triumphant election of McKinley and a rebuke to the repudiationists and anarchists which will end their attempt to control the national government.

Jones is Very Sick.

Chairman Jones is sullen and silent. He refuses the press admission to his room and only once appeared at his door to say that he had no advices which led him to doubt that his candidate carried all the states. He claimed that Kentucky had given him a great surprise.

ILLINOIS.

State Goes Heavy for McKinley and Altgeld Defeated.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The returns from over the state of Illinois indicate that McKinley has made as big gains in proportion throughout the counties and state that he has in Chicago.

And this seems to justify the claims of the central committee that the state has gone 100,000 Republican. If the gains which already reported hold up in the districts yet to be heard from, the majority, it is said, will exceed that figure. In the southern part of the state the gains have not been so heavy, and several towns and counties have given Bryan small majorities. From all other parts of the state the dispatches received at state headquarters claim substantial Republican majorities.

In the dispatches comparing the votes of Tanner and McKinley, the former has in most instances run slightly behind the latter. The figures, however, plainly show that Tanner's loss was no gain for Altgeld. Forman was the gainer. Comparisons made with the vote cast for Harrison in the campaign of 1892 show very heavy gains in nearly every instance over the Republican vote cast that year. At headquarters considerable surprise was occasioned over McKinley's vote in a number of counties which were expected to give Bryan majorities, but which instead have gone for the Republican candidate.

INDIANA.

Who Had Any Doubts About the Hoosiers.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 3.—Comparison of Indiana will be made with the Presidential vote of 1892, which gave Harrison 255,615, Cleveland, 262,740; Weaver, Pop., 22,208; Bidwell, Pro., 13,050. There are now 3,112 voting precincts in the state as against 2,939 in 1892. The present delegation in Congress are all Republicans. Last legislature was Republican in both branches. The next legislature will elect United States Senator. Indications are that the plurality for McKinley will be about 40,000.

Chairman of Republican committee claims Vanderburg county McKinley 2,000 to 2,200.

Two hundred and sixty precincts besides Marion county give McKinley 30,279; Bryan, 24,464; Republican net gain, 3,596.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Safe in the Republican Column, With a Few to Spare.

Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 3.—On basis returns state estimated 12,000 to 15,000 for McKinley.

Figures on which to base a correct estimate of the result in West Virginia will not be available before morning. At midnight not more than five counties have been heard from, and they are only estimated. They give a Republican gain over 1892 of 2,500. This includes the city of Wheeling.

Official reports from seven precincts in Wheeling, show a net Republican gain of 56 over 1894, when the Democratic majority therefore existing was completely reversed.

Chairman Dawson of the Republican state committee said to The Associated Press representative: McKinley has carried West Virginia by from 13,000 to 15,000 and the Republican state ticket and four Republican Congressmen are elected. The Democratic headquarters make no claims but express hope.

KENTUCKY.

Comes Into the Republican Fold With Good Figures.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3.—Chairman of the Republican committee says Kentucky has gone Republican by 15,000 to 20,000, but this may be reduced to 10,000.

In the Second district J. D. Clardy, Democrat, was re-elected.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Usual Big Plurality Increased to 300,000.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3.—McKinley, according to latest estimates, will have 300,000 plurality in Pennsylvania.

Including the two Congressmen-at-large, Pennsylvania to-day elected 30 Congressmen.

BRYAN'S OWN STATE.

Nebraska in Doubt, With Both Sides in Doubt.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 3.—While Chairman Post is still publicly claiming the state for McKinley attaches of his head quarters say they really regard the state as doubtful. Returns received are so meagre as to render it impossible to give a very intelligent indication but so far as they go they indicate losses sufficient to give the state to Bryan by about 6,000. If maintained, the majority will certainly be very small either way. Chairman Manahan of the Lancaster county Democratic committee predicts 20,000 Democratic majority.

OHIO'S CLAIM.

Bulletins From Chairman Kurtz That Cheered the Faithful.

Columbus, O., Nov. 4.—Ohio proved true to her favorite son.

At midnight Chairman Kurtz declared that the reports from all sections of the state justified him in saying that McKinley's plurality in the state will reach 110,000.

This is a gain of 20,000 over the Bushnell plurality of last year when there was no fusion in the state. The fact that there was a fusion between Democrats and Populists gave the Democrats 52,000 votes they did not have last year. This means that if McKinley's plurality is 110,000 it is 70,000 better than last year.

THE HOME PRECINCTS.

McKinley Carries His and Bryan Does Not.

Canton, O., Nov. 3.—McKinley carries his ward by the following precincts pluralities: A, 110; B, 51; C, 115; D, 15; total, 291. This ward gave Cleveland 103.

Bryan's Precinct.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 3.—Precinct A of the Fifth ward of this city, Bryan's precinct, gives Bryan 101 votes to 197 for McKinley. This is a material gain for Mr. Bryan. His friends claim the county for him. It ordinarily goes 2,500 Republican majority.

IOWA.

Democratic Committee Concedes It to McKinley.

Des Moines, Nov. 3.—Democratic state committee concedes Iowa gone for McKinley. Indications are that Iowa will give McKinley a plurality of 80,000 to 100,000. The returns are slow in coming in, however gains are reported in almost every instance.

Two hundred and forty-eight precincts in Iowa give McKinley 44,162; Bryan, 29,015, net Republican gain, 8,003.

JONES, HIS BLUFF.

Democratic Chairman Kept It Up Until a Late Hour.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—Until a late hour Chairman Jones at Democratic headquarters refused to concede any of the middle western states to McKinley, and with the exception of Illinois which he conceded, but by a small plurality. He was confident that the later reports would materially change the complexion of returns, which had so far been from strongly Republican districts. National Committeeman Campau at that hour claimed Bryan had carried Michigan by at least 15,000 plurality, and that returns from the mountain districts of Kentucky and Tennessee would show that the states had also seceded by the Nebraskan.

At midnight Chairman Jones says claims of Republicans are extravagant and that advices from the committees in Kentucky and Indiana assure those states for Mr. Bryan and that he is certainly elected.

THE LATEST.

McKinley's Electoral Vote Has Mounted to 290 Votes.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—At 3:45 a. m. Mr. Payne, of the Republican committee, puts McKinley's electoral vote at 290, from the following states: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming, with chances also good in South Carolina.

Mr. Payne also wired Major McKinley that there will be a change from free silver to sound money Republicans in Senators from North and South Dakota, Washington, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Kansas, while a Republican will succeed Palmer of Illinois, and Carter and Wolcott will co-operate with the Republicans. This will assure the Senate against free silver, and for protection, while the House will also be safe.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Words of Cheer Sent to Major McKinley.

Canton, Nov. 3.—Early in the evening friends began to send good word to Major McKinley at his home in Canton. The following are a few samples:

Cleveland—"Hon. William McKinley, Canton: The feeling here beggars description. The boys at Union club send love and hearty congratulations. You are elected to the highest office of the land by a people who have always loved and trusted you. M. A. HANNA."

Major McKinley received at 10:30 the following dispatch from Indianapolis:

"Returns thus far received indicate that you have carried Indiana by 35,000. C. W. FAIRBANKS."

From Mr. Hobart.

At 9 o'clock Major McKinley received a telegram of congratulations from his associate on the national ticket, as follows:

"Congratulations with all my heart on the glorious achievement under your magnificent leadership. The manhood of the republic has asserted itself and the nation's honor and integrity will never again be assailed by the same forces. Mrs. Hobart joins me in congratulations.

"GARRETT A. HOBART."

Governor Morton.

Canton, O., Nov. 3.—At 11 o'clock Major McKinley received the following from New York:

"At 9 o'clock, from returns already received, I feel warranted in extending my heartiest congratulations on your triumphant election to the Presidency of the United States. My state ratifies the verdict by giving you a plurality of at least a quarter of a million.

"LEVI P. MORTON."

ROBBED BY WOMEN.

Man From Grand Rapids, Mich., Minus a $400 Roll in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—Three colored women of the "strong arm" variety held up and robbed Robert J. White, of Grand Rapids, Mich., of $400, which was in a purse Thursday night. The robbery took place in Harmon court, near the Alley L structure. The police were notified at once, and in an hour after the hold-up Lizzie Smith, Annie Speed and Fay Thompson were in Harrison street station cells charged with the crime.

At 8 o'clock Mr. White was passing beneath the elevated structure in Harmon court. He was pounced upon by three women, and before he could recover himself his assailants had fled with his money. The women were found in a saloon in the vicinity of the robbery and identified by their victim. The money was not recovered.

Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 is a beacon of hope to all men.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

VICE PRESIDENT ELECT HOBART.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Is the only safe and perfectly harmless remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures Headache, whether sick or nervous; Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by Druggists all the world over.

WASHINGTON.

PUBLIC DEBT.

Showing Made by the Treasury for the Month of October.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The October statement of the public debt shows the debt, less cash in the treasury on Oct. 31, to have been $987,498,956, an increase for the month of $7,195,726, which is accounted for by a corresponding decrease in the cash on hand.

The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debts, $847,364,460; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,607,010; debt bearing no interest, $372,100,247; total, $1,221,071,717.

This, however, does not include $564,340,923 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding which are offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows:

Gold, $155,323,825; silver, $509,058,741; paper, $154,654,286. Bonds, disbursing officers, $17,639,761; total $836,676,221, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $603,103,460, which leaves a cash balance of $233,572,761.

NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

Amount in Circulation at the End of October.

Washington, Nov. 3.—A statement prepared by the comptroller of the currency shows the amount of national bank notes in circulation on October 31 was $234,897,057, an increase for the month of $1,345,627, and for the year, $21,609,429. The circulation based on United States bonds was $216,510,014, an increase for the month of $1,842,320, and for the year $26,329,053. The circulation secured by lawful money amounted to $18,387,043, a decrease for the month of $496,693, and for the year $5,229,624. The amount of United States registered bonds on deposit to secure circulating notes was $241,103,350 and to secure public deposits $15,903,000.

GOVERNMENT EXPENSES.

What It Costs to Run the Big Machine for a Month.

Washington, Nov. 3.—A statement of the receipts and expenditures of the government for October issued yesterday shows the total receipts for October to have been $26,282,829; as compared with $27,901,748 for October, 1895. The disbursements during the month aggregates $33,978,277, showing a deficit for October of $7,655,458, as compared with the deficit of $6,601,687 for October last year.

The total deficit since July 1, 1896, is $32,909,577.

RUSSIA'S TROUBLE

With a Fluctuating Paper Currency for Years.

Washington, Oct. 29.—In answer to the State department's circular calling for information as to money and wages in foreign countries, United States Minister Breckenridge, at St. Petersburg, has submitted a very elaborate report on the Russian financial system and its workings. He shows that the standard for many years has been fluctuating paper measured externally in terms of gold. The per capita circulation is about $5. In circulation the government has 1,055,000,000 roubles including: Gold, 5,000,000, silver, 25,000,000 and subsidiary coin, silver and copper, 90,000,000 roubles. The coinage of silver on private account was stopped in 1885, and an extensive redemption scheme is about to be put into operation, to carry out which the government has accumulated a sum of gold about equal to 550,000,000 gold roubles. The paper rouble now valued at 67 cents in gold, will be redeemable in a special gold coin of the same value. Silver will be given a large field of employment, but its coinage will be upon the account of the government, and it will be kept at par with gold.

Concerning the practical effect of the existing currency on manufacturing industries and the rates of labor, the minister submits data which he says will enable the subject to be viewed from different standpoints.

Manufactures have long been stimulated by a protective tariff, as well as by the ability of the manufacturers to pay their workmen approximately the old scale of wages in the cheaper money of the present system. Still, the growth of manufacture, while considerable, has not been as marked as would be expected from these advantages, though in lines most congenial to the people the growth has been great and the profits enormous.

Labor Gets No Benefit.

The workmen, however, do not participate appreciably in the benefits bestowed upon these industries. Not a word is heard favorable to the condition of agriculture; the universal testimony is of extreme depression and the wages of agricultural laborers have had in the main a downward tendency. As to factory wages, the minister, after submitting copious official tables, remarks that wages in Russia have undergone little or no change for thirty years, and that there is no record of their being affected by the great changes in the purchasing power of the paper rouble—the medium of payment. It may be assumed that had Russian labor been organized as in the United States, it at least would have struggled to change the scale to correspond to the change in the value of money, but there has been no struggle, and no change. Wages in England and American are respectively 124 and 379 per cent higher than in Russia, and the latter salaries are still further reduced by fines imposed upon workmen.

In conclusion, Mr. Breckenridge says: "Russia, as a nation, during a long period of peace, has grown steadily in population and wealth. How much faster she might have grown and how much more equally the products of labor might have been distributed had she enjoyed during all this period a good currency, conforming to a stable standard of value, and had the channels of both domestic and foreign trade been deflected from their natural laws and sources, is a matter of speculation into which I do not enter. Nor do I attempt to say to what extent the failure here of depreciated currency to transmit its expansion to the vast interests enumerated would prevail in our country."

WANT STATEHOOD.

People of Arizona Think They Have Made Sufficient Progress.

Washington, Oct. 29.—The people of Arizona are a unit in favor of Statehood, says Governor Benjamin Franklin in his annual report to Secretary Francis. The report is one of the most voluminous and profusely illustrated received for years at the department. It shows that the total mining output of the territory for the year was $13,978,263. Of this amount gold aggregated $5,200,000 exclusive of about $600,000 taken by prospectors and placer miners, and the total is a year's increase of $40,000.

The total product of gold, silver, and copper in Arizona for the twenty years ending June 30 last aggregated $127,186,016. The cattle shipments from the territory from January 1, 1894, to June 30, 1896, reached 595,379 head. The territorial board returns show the value of taxable property has gained a half million dollars during the year, and conservative men claim the actual valuation to be $90,000,000.

FAT OFFICIAL PLUM.

Postmaster General Wilson or Secretary Herbert to Get It.

Washington, Oct. 31.—Since the death of Chief Justice William A. Richardson, of the United States court of claims, there has been considerable speculation as to his successor. The position is one of the best in the President's gift, for besides the honor which it confers, it is highly lucrative and of life tenure. Everybody concedes that whoever gets the appointment will be the recipient of a distinctive mark of the Chief Executive's friendship and good will. In this connection the name of Postmaster General William L. Wilson has been prominently mentioned, the consensus of opinion being that he had been tendered or would be tendered the high office.

It may be stated from a reliable source that the head of the postoffice department does not desire the place and that he has so expressed himself to the President, presumably in reply to a tender made to him of the position. From the same source it is learned that the judicial prize will probably be offered to another member of the President's cabinet, Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, secretary of the navy, whose name has also been mentioned in connection with the successor of Chief Justice Richardson. There is no doubt that Secretary Herbert will accept.

NOTABLE CEREMONY.

Notable Wedding That Will Occur in Washington.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The marriage of Miss Luisette Bonaparte and the Count De Moltke Huitzfelt, of Denmark, will take place on December 10, in St. Paul's Roman Catholic church.

The ceremony is to be followed by a breakfast to a limited number of friends at the Bonaparte residence on K street. The arrangements for the event are upon a most elaborate scale, and Cardinal Gibbons will officiate.

An earlier ceremony of equal significance will be the signing of the marriage contract, which will take place at the home of the bride in the presence of the cardinal and members of the family exclusively. Already many elegant wedding gifts have been received by Miss Bonaparte, who is a general favorite on both sides of the water.

Former Empress Eugenie is godmother to the bride-elect, and has always taken a warm interest in her goddaughter. It is understood that the couple will make their future home abroad.

BICYCLE MATERIALS.

Birmingham is Getting Rid of the American Product.

Washington, Oct. 31.—According to reports from United States Consul Parker at Birmingham, the trade of that place with the United States in bicycle materials is steadily declining, and promises to terminate altogether in a short time. As for the complete bicycles, the trade with the United States has completely stopped and not one was shipped this year. On the other hand some American machines were sold in Birmingham, and the consul thinks the sales may be extended if the prices are slightly lowered. The Birmingham tube factories, however, are turning out vast quantities of bicycle tubing for the continental markets, and, confident of retaining their hold on the colonial trade for bicycles, are enlarging their plants in the expectation of making no less than a million wheels next year.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.

Government Employes to Suffer for Neglecting Business.

Washington, Oct. 30.—There is likely to be a very pronounced sensation in Washington November 4. It is stated on good authority that it is the intention of the President on that day to round up all the government officials who have been neglecting their business to take part in the free silver campaign and dismiss them from service in a bunch.

This report would naturally be discredited if it did not come from such authority as a cabinet officer. For two months the members of the cabinet have been annoyed by the absence of many of their subordinates who were taking part in the campaign in various states.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

Had a Narrow Escape in a Runaway.

Washington, Oct. 29.—The horses attached to the President's victoria which contained Mrs. Cleveland and a friend became frightened yesterday afternoon at the large iron derrick in front of the treasury building. The bay reared, while the chestnut started forward and fell. The footman jumped from the seat and quickly jerked the fallen animal to his feet. As soon as the chestnut had regained its footing the team dashed around the corner into F street at a furious gait. The coachman checked the runaways before any serious damage happened.

AT WORK AGAIN.

Venezuelan Commission Resumes Its Sessions at Washington.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The Venezuelan commission resumed its session today and probably will meet very frequently from now until it completes its work. Andrew D. White was the only absentee.

Justice Brewer intimated that the report would be ready for submission by December 1 at the latest, and this would seem to indicate that the members of the commission, who have been kept advised during the summer and fall of all developments, will reach a speedy conclusion, once all the documents are officially laid before them.

NAMES FOR WAR SHIPS.

Secretary Herbert Selected Titles for the New Vessels.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Secretary of the Navy Herbert, before leaving for Alabama selected the names for the new battleships and gunboats now under construction. The three battleships will be known as the Alabama, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The gunboats will bear the names Annapolis, Marietta, Newport, Princeton, Vicksburg and Wheeling.

LARGEST FLAG.

Decorates the Vast Hall of the Pension Office in Washington.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The largest American flag ever made in the country was swung in the vast hall of the pension office this afternoon. It is 60 feet long by 30 feet wide. The private display of the national colors is most conspicuous, and it is estimated that 6,000 flags decorate as many Washington houses to-day.

Insolvent Bank Dividends.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent national banks as follows: 20 per cent, the Columbia National Bank of Tacoma, Wash.; 10 per cent the Sumner National Bank of Wellington, Kas.; 5 per cent the City National Bank of Fort Worth, Texas; 10 per cent First National Bank of Sanbernardino, California; 10 per cent the First National Bank of Dayton, Tenn.

Pardon Denied.

Washington, Oct. 29.—The President has denied the application for pardon in the case of Luther A. Hall sentenced in Georgia in 1891 to imprisonment for life for conspiracy to commit murder.

HONOR BESTOWED.

Uncle Sam Remembers the Brave Deed of James M. Burns.

Columbus, O., Oct. 31.—Captain Jas. M. Burns, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, located at the Columbus barracks, has been honored by the United States government by the award of a medal for bravery during the war. While sergeant of Company B, First West Virginia Volunteers, Captain Burns distinguished himself on the battlefield.

At the battle of New Market, Va., May 15, 1864, this non-commissioned officer, under a heavy fire from the enemy, voluntarily assisted a wounded comrade, Fravilla A. Russell, from the field of battle, thereby saving him from capture by the enemy. Captain Burns is an Ohio man and lived on the banks of the Ohio, but went to West Virginia to enter the army because Ohio had filled her quota of troops, and for other reasons.

Vandals Destroy Tombstones.

Elroy, Wis., Oct. 28.—Unknown persons have been at work in the Catholic cemetery here making a specialty of destroying tombstones. Several large and costly monuments have been thrown down and broken. In all fifteen or twenty monuments have been injured.

CURE CONSUMPTION.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Offers to Send Free, to the Afflicted Only, Three Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York City.

Confident that he has discovered an absolute cure for consumption and all pulmonary complaints, and to make its great merits known, he will send free, three bottles (the Slocum new system of medicine) to any reader of the Toledo Blade who is suffering from chest, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

He invites those desirous of obtaining the remedies to simply send him their express and postoffice address, and receive in return the three free bottles.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

He considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

If offered freely, apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer.

He has proved consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the Doctor's generous invitation. He has on file in his American and European laboratories thousands of testimonials of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Delays are dangerous; mail your address to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please mention to him that you were prompted to write after reading this article in the Toledo Blade, and greatly oblige.

MAY EXPEL MRS. WERNER.

But She Says It is Easier to Find Churches Than Receiverships.

New York, Oct. 29.—Mrs. Charles Henry Werner is one of three women lawyers recently appointed to receiverships. She is also a Quakeress, and her appointment has been sternly disapproved by the Society of Friends because one of the things she is to receive is a saloon. But her legal conscience is in no way conflicting with her Quaker conscience. Mrs. Werner remains staunch to her professional appointment.

"For you see," said she, "it interferes in no way with my private life, and I am moreover proud of the recognition accorded women by Justice McLean. I believe the Friends will think better of their disapproval. It is made on the ground that as it is the estate of the liquor dealer, Louis Strauss, for which I am receiver, it will bring me into contact with a part of the world's business which they hold in especial disapprobation."

Mrs. Werner intimates also if the Friends should expel her it would be easier to find other churches than to find other receiverships.

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REPORTS.

No Business Being Done Until After Election.

New York, Oct. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review says:

A market without anything particular to rule it is not often seen. Business is almost abolished until after the election, by the extraordinary pressure for money, by the indisposition of anybody to sell who thinks a great change for the better is near, by the feeling that it is no use to contract or buy when so little time remains before a decision, and by the general absorption of business men in political activity.

The feature of the week has been the pressure in the New York money market in spite of heavy arrivals of gold. Quotations of call loans at 100 per cent or more have no real meaning except that, with practically four holidays to come in succession, there is really no market.

Wheat has declined sharply, but is rising again, closing about 1c lower for the week. Heavy realizing of the spot sales, extreme monetary pressure in carrying supplies, and belief of foreigners that they can get what they want have materially helped the powerful Chicago influence which has labored to depress prices. But the evidence of great demand abroad grows clearer, and while Western receipts are heavier 5,572,697 bushels for the week, and 28,756,644 for the past four weeks, against 31,150,964 last year, the enormous milling returns are of especial value, showing that foreign orders are preparing a great quantity of flour for export. These returns, not heretofore given elsewhere, will be especially instructive whenever the market turns on the foreign demand. Atlantic exports for four weeks, flour included, have been 8,026,558 bushels, against 6,555,412 last year. Higher prices and actual famine in parts of India have a speculative bearing, but are really less important to the American market than the news of the decreasing supplies from Russia.

Cotton has held up remarkably well, in spite of the estimates that the yield will be close to 9,000,000 bales. The trade believe such estimates erroneous and also hopes that the present prices will not be found too high if with such a crop there should be good business in this and other countries.

The speculation in wool continues and has taken during the past four weeks 28,321,100 pounds, against 29,758,859 last year, although less than half the capacity of mills is employed.

It is a gratifying feature, however, that about 12 establishments have started during the week, in confidence that business would be larger hereafter. There is, as yet, only a slight improvement in the demand for light weight woolens. Iron has been bought largely by speculators, 25,000 tons at Hopper at Pittsburg raising the price to $11.50. Large quantities of grey forge raising the price to $11.40 and 20,000 tons, nearly all Northern iron, at Chicago.

Failures this week have been 270 in the United States against 278 last year, and 40 in Canada against 50 last year.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Nov. 3, 1896.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 3.	Oct. 27.
U. S. 4's (new) coupon	117¾	117
U. S. 4's (new) registered	117¾	116
U. S. 5's coupon	110	111¾
U. S. 5's registered	110	110¾
U. S. 4½'s, coupon	107¾	108
U. S. 4½'s, registered	108¼	107
U. S. 2's, registered	99½	99
Pacific 6's of '97	101	101

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened higher to-day on better cables, light world's shipments, and decrease on passage. A little while after the opening there was a trifle ease on free selling, but the market soon braced up, and held fairly firm. Near the close there was a firmer tone, and prices closed at nearly the highest point of the day.

Corn was in sympathy with wheat. Trade was fairly well extended. At Chicago November corn opened at 24c, rose to 24¾c, and closed at 24¾c nominal. December, 25¼c, 25¾c and closed at 25¾c; May, 28¾c, 29¼c, and to close 29¾@29¼c. At New York December corn opened at 31¾c, then rose to 32¼c, and closed at 32¼c. May, 34¾c, close 35¼c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	83¾	83¾	83¾	83¾
Chicago	73¾	75	73¾	74¾ 75
New York	80¾	84¾	80¾	84¾
St. Louis	78¾	79¾	78¾	78¾

As Chicago October wheat opened at 72¾c and closed at 73¾c nominal; May, 76c, 77¼c, 78¾@79¾c, then 79¾c. At New York May wheat opened at 83¾c, rose to 84¾c and closed at 84¾c.

Wheat on passage decreased 750,000 bushels. English visible increased 954,000 bushels.

Primary receipts to-day: Wheat, 1,280,653 bushels; same time last year, 1,763,834. Shipments, 320,144 bushels; same time last year, 887,196 bushels. Receipts of corn, 788,018 bushels; same time last year, 422,778 bushels. Shipments, 102,218 bushels; same time last year, 868,500 bushels.

The agricultural department at Washington estimates the potato crop this year at less than 200 million bushels, against 279 million last year. This year's crop is the largest on record, exceeding 1892.

Black Sea shipments, according to private cable, 4,936,000 bushels, making the world's shipments, with India to bear from, 8,352,000 bushels, against 9,271,000 previous week.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 1,055,172 bushels; on track, 1,450 cars; same time last year, 1,768 cars.

English country markets 6d to 1 shilling lower.

Liverpool closed ½d up. London 6d dearer.

The visible supply of wheat increased 1,285,000 bushels; corn increased 1,484,000 bushels; oats increased 853,000 bushels.

Cables say French potato crop ruined by floods. Germany and Ireland lost some time ago.

Exports of wheat to-day, 103,000 bushels; flour, 7,651 barrels, or wheat and flour as wheat, 143,339 bushels.

Visible supply in United States and Canada on dates named:

	Oct. 31.	Oct. 24.
Wheat	58,080,000	57,295,000
Corn	19,340,000	17,856,000
Oats	11,756,000	10,903,000
Rye	3,907,000	2,950,000

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Higher.

As compared with Saturday cash wheat is up 2¾c, December 2¾c, and May 2¾c advance. Trade active for future delivery and prices closed firm.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 81¾@83¾c, outside to close; No. 3 soft red, 77@77½c; No. 2 hard, 76c; No. 3 hard, 75c; rejected No. 1 red, 64c, 65c, then 62c.

December wheat, 83¾c, 83¾c and finally 83¼c; May, 87½c, 87¾c and to close 88¼c.

Corn—Active, Higher.

Corn sold weak at ½c advance. Prices steady. No. 2 mixed, 23½c; No. 3 corn, 24c; No. 4 corn, 21½c, then 21c; new corn, 19c; No. 3 yellow, 26c; No. 2 May, 29¼c.

Oats dull, steady. No. 2 mixed, 19c; No. 3 cars, 17c; rejected, 14½c.

Rye dull, firm; No. 2, 38c; No. 3, 33½c; rejected, 31c, 30½c, then 32½c.

Clover seed, sales 650 bags in lots; prices 20c higher and firm. December, $5.35@5.40, outside to close; March, $5.40@5.45.

Receipts of clover seed at Toledo last week, 6,975 bags; this season, 39,012 bags, last week last year, 3,589 bags; last season, 46,039 bags. Shipments last week, 487 bags; this season, 3,492 bags; last week last year, 624 bags; last season, 7,668 bags.

Grain and Produce.

London, Nov. 2.—Wheat at the Baltic closed firm to-day at 3d to 6d advance. California wheat, October and November shipment, steady at 6s 6d and